

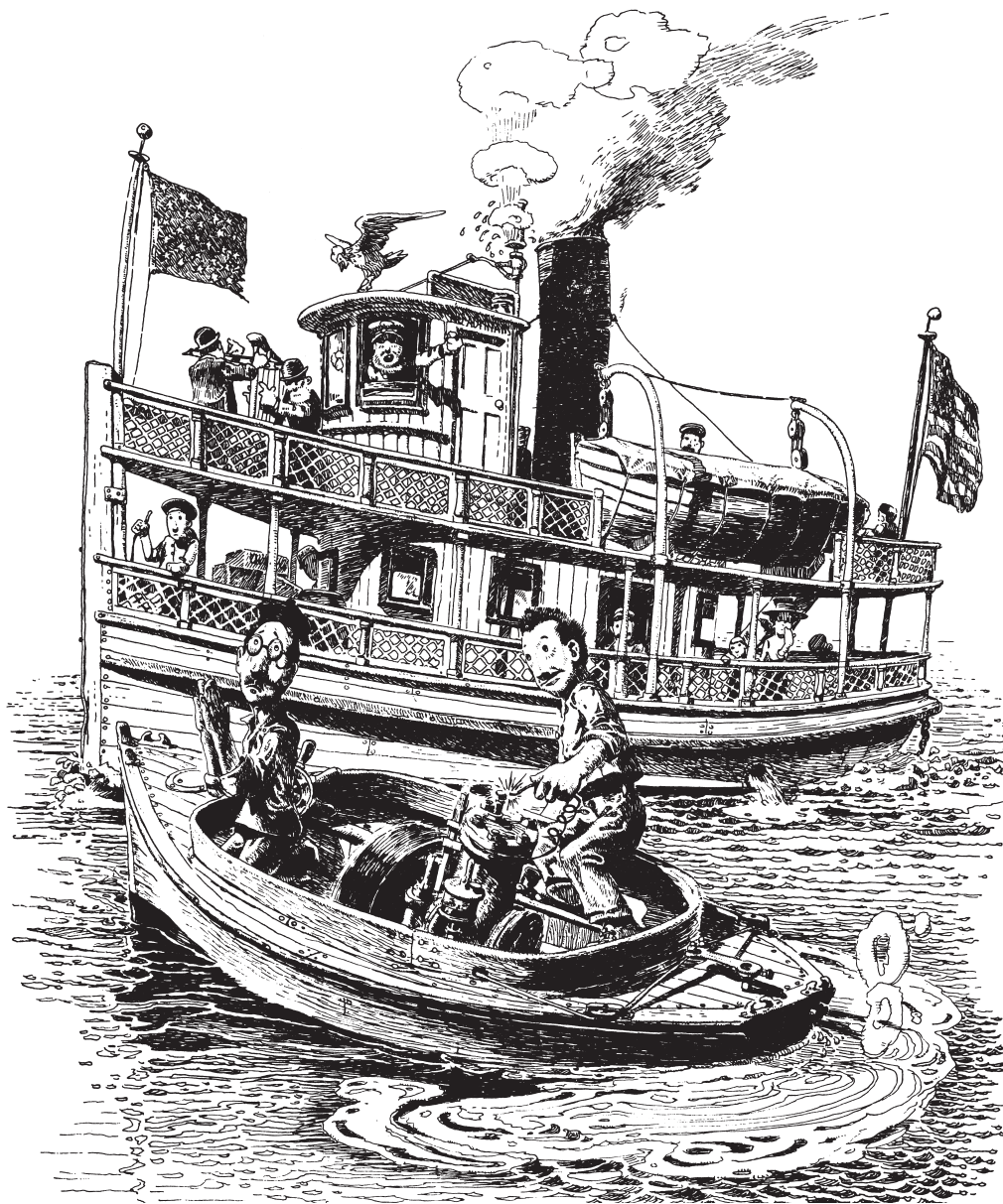


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Halcyon Days” - “5 Pages of Your Letters”
“Narragansett Bay on an American Classic”

Volume 22 - Number 22

April 1, 2005



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



When you move on past this page you will come upon no less than five pages of letters some of you have written. I usually run two pages of your letters, but so many interesting ones have accumulated that I decided to get them all into print in a catch-up maneuver. I publish all those letters I receive that deal with topics of general interest to readers. Those too short to publish as articles that stand on their own go onto the "You write to us about..." pages.

I very much enjoy reading these, nearly all of which arrive in the old fashioned mail, ranging from crisp computer printouts to handwritten notes on lined yellow paper. The occasional letters that come to the internet address my daughter maintains for our subscription fulfillment purposes get printed out and in due course passed on to me. An unfortunate circumstance about the latter is that they seldom include a return mail address to which I can respond. I reply to all my mail but I do not use e-mail, much preferring to sit at my desk and hand write short notes or type out longer letters on my old Mac. My daughter's work on our behalf does not include e-mail correspondence unrelated to subscription fulfillment.

The "You write to us..." pages are organized into a number of categories into which letters are appropriately entered. These categories are arranged in alphabetical order with no significance as to their relative importance.

"Activities & Events..." includes information about these topics received from readers. I do not publish publicity handouts about coming events that arrive from publicity departments of organizations which otherwise have shown no interest whatever in the magazine but are looking for free PR. I don't think of these as the "public service announcements" which some organizers flatter themselves that they are. While the events may indeed have merit, they are still being organized for the most part to earn income for their organizers. If they'd like you to learn about them on our pages they are welcome to purchase advertising with some of that anticipated income.

"Adventures & Experiences..." are all from readers and includes those I did not feel lengthy enough to warrant publication elsewhere in the magazine. Lots of interesting tidbits appear here.

"Corrections..." is an occasional category when any errors we publish are called to my attention.

"Information of Interest..." sometimes includes follow-up material on previously published articles, but also can include new material again too short to warrant a page of its own. As with the "Events," this is not a place for news releases from firms, which

have shown no other interest in the magazine, about new products unless on rare occasions I feel something is worthwhile enough to give it a free ride for your collective benefit.

"Information Wanted..." is another occasional category which appears when one of you is looking for information related to your own messing about in boats. I encourage readers with such needs to take advantage of this and have heard later from those who were helped from the collective experiences and know-how of over 4,000 of you.

"In Memoriam..." is acknowledgement of those sad occasions when someone who has had some influence on what we do passes away. I do not scan the obits for candidates, they come from amongst you.

"Opinions..." is where the fun stuff appears. As long as they relate in some way to our activity I'll publish them, but in cases of conflicting views on a topic I edit out any attempts at character assassination while still giving any reader the opportunity to express his/her conflicting viewpoint.

"Poetry Corner..." is where those of you who feel impelled to compose poetry about our interest have your brief moment of public presentation of your work. I am not enamored of poetry but some of you are to the extent of having self-published your own collections, copies of which you usually send to me. I pass no judgement as to the merit of this form of literature but accept it as your heartfelt efforts at expressing how you feel about your passion.

"Projects..." is where those too short to stand on their own get space on our pages. Many times these notes and photos come with subscription renewals and they are very welcome.

"This Magazine..." is where you sound off about what I am doing, and while most of it is favorable commentary, I do not turn away criticisms. I seldom take heed of such criticisms but nevertheless give their holders their chance to vent them. None go into the trash just because I do not agree with them. The inclusion of accolades is not just ego massage, I often have sample issues going out to prospective subscribers and wish them to read what you have to say about the magazine.

I love to get your letters, the daily mail brings so much of interest. Picking up each letter from the pile Jane leaves on my desk (Jane opens the mail daily) and sitting back to savor what you have to say is so much more comfortable and pleasant than having that nagging little electronic voice announce, "You've got mail" and then proceeding to have to wade through that maze of code and often surrounding ads to find the message hidden within.

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On the Cover...

A classic cartoon from the early days of motor boating leads in this issue to the first of six installments of fond recollections of those "Halcyon Days" by a major naval architect of the period, Weston Farmer.

We have just survived the blizzard of aught-five. There will be no messing about in or out of boats for this essay. Even the hardest (and most prudent) of Gloucester fishermen have left their vessels tied snugly to the wharves. Reported on the news stations were complaints of sore backs as the captains shoveled out of their snow-drifted homes to make regular treks down to the harbor to double check the lines holding their livelihood secure. With a predicted storm surge of three or more feet on an already fairly high (8.8') tide, they were wise to be checking.

I was at work yesterday, watching the panicked public buy discounted snow shovels and every grain of sand in the building. Didn't they think to provision themselves back in October? As the predictions became more grave, employees living at a distance left early. I thought I'd be safe to wait until my scheduled time of 6pm. I was just a heartbeat away from being wrong. Foregoing the more level path of route 195, I chose the hilly old Route 1 to come up to the Topsfield turn onto Ipswich Road. In doing so I avoided the great fetch across the open fields, and also those fools with four-wheel drive who blithely speed along, having faith in mere equipment over whatever Mother Nature decides to hand out.

The snow was still light and fluffy but the wind was intense, and getting more so every few minutes. Under the snow was a compacted layer of almost ice that wasn't quite sticking to the frozen pavement below. The truck slewed and slid, reminding me of running on seaweed-covered rocks as a child at the shore.

Fortunately, about the time I was going to give up and go stay with my mother, a line of state snow plows came along off Route 195 onto Route 1. I was able to slip in between plows two and three and decided to try for home. It's been ten years since I last drove a small snow plow, but the old timers' message was still seared in my memory, "Don't run it in four-wheel drive, 'til you NEED to. Drive smart, and you won't need the four-wheel drive all that often."

This good advice proved true on the trip home. Even the big trucks ahead of me were sliding a bit as they applied gas unevenly to gain the crest of the many roller coaster hills along the next three miles. Knowing every crack and pothole, as well as the treacherous icy spillway off to the right side on the hill before the fairgrounds, helped a lot. Having the big boys as an escort allowed me to make it safely to my cut-off, from there on I was on



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

48 Degrees South

my own as the wind was blowing capriciously and obscuring known landmarks.

As I entered the final third of the trip I noticed a line of vehicles behind me. One to the far end was blinking its high beams on and off, trying to hurry the cars in front of it. There were places it was safe to travel at 20 miles an hour and other spots that half that speed was sensible. I don't know what the hurry was. If the radio was on, they'd be hearing the much-repeated warnings and demands of the Governor and State Police to "stay off the roads, unless necessary, and IF you are out to use caution and cut your speed even more than you think you need to."

Apparently the radio was turned off or they had faith in their Jeep Grand Cherokee to "go where only the bold can go." The idiot actually pulled out and passed seven of us, accelerating the whole time and fishtailing in a manner that caused several in line to swerve to avoid being hit. With luck, we won't be meeting this individual out on the open water or in a crowded anchorage, amazingly enough I didn't find him in a ditch further along.

The little S10 and I made a normal 25-minute commute in an hour-and-a-half, all the way in two-wheel drive, until the final bump in the road within 200' of the driveway. There were moments when even at low speed I felt an anxiety reminiscent of driving a ski tow boat as a teenager, or having the helm, racing offshore, and heeling over in gusty conditions. I was still a bit trembly an hour later, coming down from that white

knuckle trip home. The cottage proved herself to be as solid and secure as a well-built ship. The wind rode over and around her squat little shape, but she kept firmly anchored.

Great Neck received 28" of snow. None of it stayed on the front lawns, some swirled into the lee of the back stairs and buried the cellar door. The neighbor's house across the road that fronts on the open water was totally obscured at 5:30 this morning, drifts over 12' buried the whole front of the long ranch house. By 9am the drift had been blown away and only half the house was buried.

At the full tide, the snow was still coming down heavily but I could see the ocean when the wind shifted. The waves were easily 6' high out over the mussel beds, our local "cauldron," an area of contrary currents north of the day beacon had grown to encompass the whole of the bay. I was glad the fishing fleet was safely tied up. By the time the tide was falling, the wind and water were going in the same direction and the waves were less frantic looking, but still mean and cold.

The ice and snow packed onto the marshes over the course of the storm were now floating clear and were making the return journey out to sea. At one point, the entire width of the bay between our shore and Plum Island was solidly choked with icy debris. It looked like a National Geographic re-enactment of Shackleton's expedition. A large uprooted spruce tree could have been a stand-in for the ill fated *Endeavour*. This was no cast-off Christmas tree, it had a sizable root ball and was more than 30' long.

The snow let up by 4pm and the far shore of Sandy Point could be seen in a fuzzy sort of way. The big maple that was cast onto that beach back in October had been carried higher on shore. The visibility was too obscured to see what changes had been made by the winds and tides overnight. Sand is so easily moved, I can't believe that there won't be some major course changes for summer boating. While this back side of the island is constantly moving, the side fronting on the open ocean must be even more dramatically changed; time for a winter's walk on the beach when it warms up.

What will the shifting sands mean for the local clammers? I'll have to ask the clam cop how the beds were affected. Of all the people messing about in the winter, it's the clammers who are out first. Perhaps even they will stay inside, recognizing that we live only 48 degrees below the North Pole!



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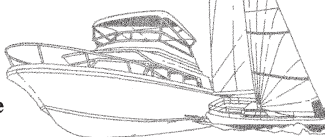
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Book Reviews

Your First Sailboat: How to Find and Sail The Right Boat for You

By Daniel Spurr
International Marine/McGraw Hill, 2004
272 pages (paperback) \$14.95

Reviewed by Al Fittipaldi

If you have been yearning for a Dutch uncle to take you by the hand and tell you all about the birds and the bees of doing it for the first time, buying your very own sailboat, that is, do I have a hot book for you, with graphic pictures, too. Yes, dear reader, here is a book that will open your eyes and stimulate what designer/builder Joel White called the "rogue gene" that afflicts those of us who dabble in boats. With this book in one hand and the other firmly on your helm, you, too, can become your own Master and Commander (and it won't necessarily make you go blind, either).

The author brings strong credentials to the table. Daniel Spurr is editor-at-large of *Professional Boatbuilder* magazine and for 12 years was the editor of *Practical Sailor*, a kind of consumer reports for sailors, and he has written seven sailing books in addition to having owned and upgraded eight sailboats. In short, he qualifies as a mentor (or one far gone) in this seductive business of owning a boat.

The question is, for whom is he writing? Is it likely that anyone thinking of buying a sailboat has not sailed on one yet?

Not to worry, Chapter 20: "What if the Boat Heels?" meets that quandary head on. Sailboats are supposed to heel. I'll be darned. Or how about Chapters 30 and 31: "What If It Gets Dark?" and "What If It Gets Foggy?" The use of that pesky word "if" puzzles the will. Now all of us messers know that sailors are a dim lot, much given to senior moments even when we're not grizzled silverbacks yet, but here again Mr. Spurr comes to the rescue, takes us by the hand, and 'splains to us unwashed just how to deal with these two meteorological phenomena. Whew. Always was scared of the dark. And the fog, too. (Where was he when I was trying to figure out what the deuce my father was awkwardly talking about to those adolescent years ago. Facts of life?)

So sailboats heel and it gets dark and foggy on the water, but let's say you haven't so far been scared off buying this book, let alone your own boat, by all these dire questions. Is the book worth the \$14.95 price?

Well, for someone who is a complete and total neophyte (I didn't say idiot), the book is instructive. From the striking cover photo of a J-24 footing along (and heeling, for God's sake), to the many other pictures and diagrams, to the informative "Sailboat Guide" section for new and used boats and prices, the book might find a readership despite its flaws, not the least of which are its overly broad focus and its sailing-for-dummies attitude.

Organized into five main sections plus the "Sailboat Guide," the book covers in Part 1 such topics as buying and equipping your first sailboat, kind and size of boat to buy, whether new or used, where to keep the boat, and costs. Part 2 is all about boatmanship; consider these mind-bending chapter headings: "How Do I Get My Boat In and Out of the Water?," "How Do I Tie My Boat to the Dock?" (duct tape?), "How Do I Attach Sheets and Halyards" (and by the way, what are they?), "How Do I Leave the Dock?" (a dear John letter?), "How Do I Come Back to the Dock?" (kiss and make up?).

As becomes painfully obvious, Mr. Spurr is a firm believer in the now-dear-reader Socratic method. You got questions? Dan got answers. Part 3 is a bit muddled, it consists of only two chapters: "How Do I Take Care of This Thing?" (thing?) and, "What If I Hit Something?" (might I suggest that you take care not to hit something). Part 4 deals with navigation and Part 5 is entitled "Worst Case Scenarios." It poses such questions as: "Despite What You Say, What if I Still Get Lost?" and "What If the Mast Falls Down?" (down?). And this is rich, "What if the Wind Stops Blowing?" (stops blowing besides getting dark and foggy?). I especially like the last chapter: "How Do I Know When It's Time for My Next Boat?" (when the time is right...). I know some wives who would consider such a wayward thought (a next boat, that is, not time is right) as a really worst-case scenario of the worst kind.

Of the book's 272 pages, these five parts take up 176 pages, the rest is devoted to what Mr. Spurr calls "The Sail-boat Guide" which covers some 74 specific boats from the Optimist to the Laser to the Rhodes 19 to the Alberg 30 and on up to some 40 and 50-footers and some multihulls. It gives the design profile and key specs of each boat as well as new and used prices (which probably should be taken with a grain of salt in Hurricane Alley).

Perhaps the best thing about this book is its price, at \$14.95 you can't go too wrong. It's a good deal if you can put up with the book's flaws, of which, besides the dumbing down format and off-putting writing style, there are many. The author continually beats up his readers with overuse of the exclamation point (note to authors: thou shalt not use the exclamation point more than twice per lifetime). Also, he affects a tone meant to be breezy and aw shucks reader friendly, but which comes off as patronizing, annoying, and, in one instance, boorish. In Chapter 12, we are offered this attempt at humor: "A boat loose in a marina is like Mike Tyson in a Victoria's Secret store." Huh?

Further, he warns readers off wooden boats completely: "Your first boat should be fiberglass." Insult to injury. In short, I might recommend this book to someone who knows absolutely zip about sailboats. But then, would such a person be in the market to buy one?

Inspecting the Aging Sailboat

By Don Casey
Rob Groves and Jim Sollers, Illustrators
International Marine, Publisher
ISBN 0-07-144545-5
141 Pages, Illustrated
Paperback, \$14.95

Reviewed by George La Pierre

Up until this point in my life, circumstances such as school, and jobs, and living arrangements have insulated me from one of the greatest vices which can grab ahold of one's soul, the irresistible urge to buy a used boat. Surely everyone has felt the strange desire kindled by even a tiny ad in the local classifieds. Like romances begun in bar rooms, relationships with old boats seem to lead to many stories and more than their share of disappointments.

Here comes the knowledgeable and much-read author, Don Casey, to throw some ice water in your face and remind you of all the things that can be wrong and go wrong in an aging fiberglass sailboat. He outlines various methods by which you can shatter your dreams in a half hour or less. *Inspecting the Aging Sailboat* in no way is meant to substitute for a professional survey. It is written to educate the potential buyer of all the reasons to keep looking for a better boat or a better deal. There is also information on hiring a surveyor.

The book is imaginatively illustrated by Rob Groves and Jim Sollers. In a pleasantly gender-neutral manner they draw both men and women performing the inspection procedures described in the text. The illustrations convey information via cross sections and partial transparency which would be almost impossible using photography. Although the purpose in these drawings is one of identifying potential failures and weaknesses, the net result is a visual pocket encyclopedia of the mechanics of a modern cruising sailboat.

The only point at which this method seems weak is in the discussion of the numerous types of cracking and crazing. Between impact damage, panting, stress cracking (not good) and crazing, star cracks, parallel cracks (not bad), I wish that there were some sort of comparative photographs. I am still not convinced that I could successfully label all the cracks on a used fiberglass sailboat. How can I distinguish those stress cracks from "alligatoring?"

The book is logically divided into sections describing the general wear and tear which can crop up in the major systems of a fiberglass sailboat such as hull, deck, rig, interior, engine, and electrical. This approach naturally follows a path from generally walking around a hauled boat to specifically checking wire gauge and the runs of antenna leads. Between the macro and the micro is everything else.

I found in the section on hulls my personal favorite failure, osmotic pox and blistering. These are slight voids in a fiberglass hull layup which chemically attract water and eventually grow into bumps filled with acid at up to 150 psi. I find this frightful and disturbingly morbid. But did you know that exterior impact damage on one side of a hull can point to significant interior damage on the opposite side?

Casey outlines several simple techniques for determining whether any water is leaking into the keel, rudder, or laminate cores. Apart from a moisture meter, he also suggests taping patches of clear plastic sheet over various areas of the hull in order to capture and condense escaping water vapor on a warm day.

Another interesting idea is filling the bilge and testing the rate at which water leaks out. More than anything he recommends extensive time spent walking around tapping on the hull and deck with a plastic mallet or the handle of a plastic screwdriver. I wish he spent more time discussing how much delamination is too much and what is really unacceptable.

In addition to discussing the problems caused by age, weather, and mishandling, Casey also identifies some general issues of design and manufacture. Stainless steel bolted deck joints are better than self-tapping screws which are better than pop rivets which are better than "H" shaped extrusions which should be avoided if at all possible.

The mast should always at least be stepped on a reinforced floor, never directly on the keel. The galley stove, if gimballed, should have enough ballast to remain upright even with a full pot cooking.


Reading a book like this is a little bit like reading the medical textbook I picked up at an estate sale some months ago. You feel fine when you start reading, but soon enough you start to feel symptoms and imagine the worst and within two hours you become convinced that there is no hope and it is time to call the undertaker. Don Casey has prescribed a strong dose of reality to those of us strong enough to take it.

**"Every man shall give as he is able,
according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Dear Guide Boat People

The Arts Center in Old Forge, New York, will be holding an Adirondack Guide Boat Building Workshop May 16-21, 8am-5pm at the North Street Pavilion in Old Forge. The class will build one or two 15' Adirondack Guide Boats using the methods and materials of the contemporary boat builder, making use of strip construction, fiberglass, steam bending, and lamination techniques. The boat will be launched on the final day of class and then sold on a "lottery" basis. Fee for the class is \$500 (\$400 member).

This has been a very popular workshop and class fills up fairly fast. If you are interested in participating, please call the Arts Center at (315) 369-6411, e-mail us at <infor@artscenteroldforge.org> or check out our website at www.ArtsCenterOldForge.org.

M. Lorraine Stripp, Workshop Coordinator, Arts Center/Old Forge, NY

Back to Newport in 2005

The 2005 WoodenBoat Show dates are confirmed as August 26-28, 2005, at the Newport Yachting Center, Newport, Rhode Island. We are looking forward to hosting the event at this centrally located and highly visible location. The NYC has been host to many successful boat shows over the years and is a perfect facility for our event.

If you have not exhibited at the WoodenBoat Show in the past three years and are interested in receiving information, please contact us. To keep current with WoodenBoat Show developments, please visit our web site: www.woodenboat.com.

The WoodenBoat Show Team, Carl, Jackie, Laura, Kate, (207) 359-4651, fax (207) 359-8920, <WBSHOW@woodenboat.com>

Adventures & Experiences...

Back to Looking at Gauges

The oil gauge on my Westerbeke 30 stuck at 60 pounds several years ago. I neglected to repair it for the same reasons cited by Robb White in his "More Fuel Mileage Figures" article (January 1, 2005). This inaction did come back to bite me in the rear, however. I don't say that Mr. White was wrong and I don't deny that it was my fault (I'm sure he'd have something interesting to say about my mechanical judgement), but I do contend that a working gauge might have saved the day. Here's what happened.

On haulout day last fall I had an appointment with the trucker at a ramp that was 12 miles from my mooring. In my boat that trip takes about 2-1/2 hours under average conditions. From past experience that meant that, in spite of a favorable weather forecast, the wind would come from where I wanted to go, it would increase in strength, and it would back or veer with course changes to

seized (furthest from the pump), #2 scored, and everything else pretty much intact. When I get that fixed I'll go back to working gauges and maybe I'll even look at them occasionally.

Tom Mulligan, Strafford, NH

My friend Paul, who's spent more time at sea than I've spent dreaming about it, volunteered to take a few hours off from work to sail with me. He took the helm and cranked along at more than 6kts (by the GPS, Mr. White) while I went below trying to stifle his pleas for lunch.

I'm sure that Mr. White would know what happened next, but for anyone who hasn't guessed, the engine slowed noticeably and suddenly went completely silent. The boat continued along under sail with no loss of speed and very little, if any, additional leeway. I should have shut the thing off as soon as I started sailing (mistake #3 again). Before I could get the words off my tongue, Paul asked if I'd shut it off. "No, I was hoping you had," I said. At this point even I had a very good idea of what happened. I sent the sandwiches out and took off the engine cover. Sure enough, no matter how hard I pushed on the wrench that I put on the crankshaft nut the engine would not move. Stuck tight.

We were on starboard tack and the dip stick on the same side came out dry. On the other tack it showed a bit over full. When I checked it later on the level, it showed 1/2 quart low just as I thought it would. The engine oil pump pick-up must have been skewed to starboard, and on that tack the oil skewed to port. And 1/2 quart low to boot. That all adds up to a loss of oil pressure. Zero oil pressure, to be perfectly accurate. Paul argued that it had to be something else because he'd been watching the gauge faithfully and it never wavered from 60lbs. I told him to look at it now that all engine functions had ceased. "Sixty pounds," he said.

I have no doubt that Paul was indeed checking the gauge regularly (I haven't looked at it in years) and that the irregularities that would have most certainly showed up have alerted him to the impending demise of the machine, probably in time to shut it down.

We managed to sail into the harbor. The wind backed a bit which helped out and luckily for us, Paul's wife Joyce, a circumnavigator herself, came by to take pictures and was pressed into service dockside. With her help we got onto the dock with the loss of only one light. It was mounted on the pulpit and served as a fender for an instant or two. We managed also to work the boat onto the trailer "with ropes and crap" as the thankfully tolerant but understandably somber owner of the trucking company put it.

On tear down, I found #1 rod bearing

seized (furthest from the pump), #2 scored, and everything else pretty much intact. When I get that fixed I'll go back to working gauges and maybe I'll even look at them occasionally.

Tom Mulligan, Strafford, NH

Winter Sailing on the Hudson

Who says sailing is only a summertime activity in the north? That's skipper Kate Shuter and navigator Tobie aboard Floater on 7' of Hudson River black ice interspersed with snow ice off Rhinecliff, New York, looking towards the Rondout Lighthouse on February 5. Readers may recall the story awhile back of the 100-year-old Floater looking for black ice not far from this very spot 30 years ago, but with three sheets to windward she lost her bearings in a vino induced fog bank and sailed into the Coast Guard maintained channel, thereby earning her name.

Doc Shuter, Rhinecliff, NY



Will He Finally Get a Boat?

1945 first grade school photo. Will the guy in the dark sailor outfit in the first row finally get a boat? I'm working on it.

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA



Musings...

While poking through closets I have found several boxes of pictures of all the boats we used to build. They sure bring back memories. A lot of water has gone under the bridge here on the Parker River since this picture was taken. It shows testing our new HiLiner Fleet Star. Note the step chine and level ride. It was one of the many models my company was building at our shop in Ipswich about 1959.

Later we moved the company to better facilities in Newbury. There some design changes were made. The newer models featured a clipper bow and a sharper entry. A 17'2" Sea Star open version with wood

trimmed opening windshield was added for the fishermen. I still have the rough sketch I did of this model. This hull design performed well in all weather and was my personal favorite.



I love that power dory with engine in rear recently advertised in the Classified Marketplace. I had the exact same boat as my first power boat. It had a spray hood which folded forward. Open her up and she'd suck the stem under. Great little boat though.

A fellow from whom I once bought a Buick Super Riviera convertible would occasionally deal in boats. He kept one on one of my moorings. I don't think he was ever out in it. That boat looked fast just sitting out there. I am quite sure that it may once have been a rumrunner. He finally sold it and asked that I haul it out on our railway. Since it hadn't been used for some time I figured I'd have to tow it in. I'll be damned if that big engine didn't sputter a bit and then fire right up. When she was ashore I drove in the bung to drain its bilge. A little water ran out and then several gallons of gasoline. The tank had rusted through and someone must have been watching over me as I should have been blown sky high. Why she didn't blow up when I started the engine, I'll never know.

When fall arrived in those days it was time to load my crew into the convertible and head south. I usually took the ocean highway. The ferry trip across Chesapeake Bay gave me a chance to freshen up, grab a lunch, and rest a bit. This time I had an uneasy feeling. When I entered the head baskets of waste paper were scattered across the deck. It looked like the ferry had a rough crossing. So I took my crew down below to our car. If it was to be rough, the ride below would be much smoother.

It wasn't far into the trip when I noticed the seas were smashing against our blunt bow. Then, with a crash that shook the ship, a giant wave broke the steel lock on the large doors. They swung open and the seas rushed in. It was almost comical to see the landing crew floating by our car still in sitting positions. Between waves one crew member managed to gain his footing and got to a wall phone and told the captain to stop. The ship proceeded very slowly for the rest of the crossing. When I got out of my car the step down seemed higher than usual. Our car had floated and landed on top of the coil of hawser that was used for docking. The crew tied a lighter line to it and winched it out from under our car.

I walked around our car and checked the dents we got when we were banging against other vehicles. I opened the hood, got a towel, and managed to get all of the ignition dried off before we reached Norfolk. The Buick actually started right up and I drove her ashore. We may have been the only car to drive off under its own power. A tractor was kept busy towing off other vehicles. The large diesel trucks had no problems. Once ashore we were met by insurance adjusters who recorded our dents. Paperwork didn't

take long and soon we were on our way south. This was just another thing to add to my long list of bad happenings to me in Virginia. Virginia is my unlucky state.

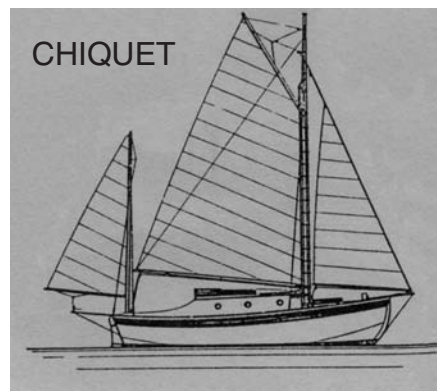
Here's a photo of the old Plum Island (Newburyport, Massachusetts) lifeboat station in action which I have hanging on my wall.



Bunny Fernald, Fernald's Marine, Newbury, MA

Crosby Yawl

This is what I do my messing about in, sailing out of Noank, Connecticut, in this W.F. Crosby design yawl from Rudder 1936. Mark Gossner, Durham, CT



Corrections...

Too Much Bourbon?

In his article on fuel mileage in the January 1 issue, Robb White refers to a "bourbon" tube. Maybe he's been drinking too much of that bourbon because it really is a "bourdon" tube. Then again, perhaps Robb is just playing semantic tricks with us as he sometimes does.

Roy Terwilliger, Harwich, MA
(Ed Comments: It may possibly have been a typo on my part setting up that article from the scanned copy!)

Caille not Cahill

In the February issue there was an interesting story by Jeff Hillier about his dad. My hobby is antique outboards and I'm guessing the motors he is talking about that his dad used were Caille outboards, not Cahills. Caille, pronounced "kale," made slot machines, coin-operated phonographs, and inboard engines in Detroit. Caille outboards were considered very good motors in the 1920s and early '30s. They typically had the

motor bolted to the transom and the tiller handle only turned the lower unit which caused some high speed torque steering. Caille's tiller handle moved up and down and changed the pitch of the propeller, they called it a "5-speed," namely reverse, neutral, and three speeds forward. They went out of business during the 1930s Depression.

Henry Champagney, Greenback, TN

Wrong Name for Brigantine

On page 20, top right, in the February 15 issue, "The brigantine *Martha Ann* was on display," is actually a picture of the brig *Lady Washington*, a full size replica of the first American ship to arrive in the Pacific Northwest. See <http://ladywashington.org> for more information about her exploits, original, and replica.

J. Dart Davis, Hoquiam, WA



Information of Interest...

About Marvel Mystery Oil

Robb White's article "Marvel Mystery Oil," especially intrigued me as my older brother, Herb, a retired engineer with some 20 patents to his credit, uses the stuff. When he came out for a visit some years ago he enjoyed seeing the oil's "home" at its then headquarters in Port Chester, New York, an adjoining community to my own.

After reading Robb's article I called the company and had a nice talk with one of its head men, a Mr. Kelly. Seems the company was sold several years ago and its new home is in Chicago (near where my brother lives). I sent him a copy of the story for which he was grateful and I hope Robb gets a can or two.

Robb's articles are always interesting as is much in *MA/B*. Couldn't get enough of your article on Dispro boats, wish I had one.

Dick Schneider, Rye, NY

Support the Coast Guard Auxiliary

I can't recall exactly how many years I have been reading *MAIB*, but I know that I have always enjoyed it. I formally retired at age 65. I immediately found another "job," joining the Coast Guard Auxiliary and becoming involved as a public education instructor, vessel safety check examiner (462 boats last year), and operator of my 18' center console outboard on regular safety patrols (almost one every week). Most days, when not on the water, I am at the ramps offering free boating safety checks, and it is surprising how many boats need additional (or up-to-date) safety gear. It is a real satisfaction, when on patrol, to see boats with an up-to-date safety sticker.

Until retirement I was always a sailor. When I retired to the North Carolina coast, I switched to power, first a 26' inboard cruiser and then, upon the passing of my wife a dozen years ago, to the smaller outboard which is a little better for my safety patrols up and down the Intracoastal Waterway. Auxiliary boats provide extra sets of eyes for the active duty Coasties, and our boats with uniformed crew wearing bright orange C.G. PFDs seem to be a good influence on boats running far too fast. Perhaps some boaters do not know that we Auxiliaries have no law enforcement authority although we are in regular radio communication with the active duty.

I mention all this in the hope that you may wish to encourage readers to become involved in the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Not only can they be helpful to the cause of boating safety, but they may find it as enjoyable an activity as I have over the past 15 years. As I get close to 80 I find that I can still function as an active Auxiliarist. I patrol approximately 20 miles up the ICW and never find the familiar waterway dull. The average patrol is four hours and we also help with boating parades and other special events. While the government does not provide boat or gear or uniform, it does provide the gasoline, a help in retirement.

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

Opinions...

Rob Replies

Well, I guess I found that you can't fool all of the people all of the time!

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

There is Only One Pie

Your "Commentary" of February 15th has inspired me to weigh in on the megayachts issue. I enjoyed the article and, in any case, don't expect to be pleased by every single word in your magazine. Shame on anyone who has chided you, particularly in light of your last paragraph in which you explain your continuing work, sans profit.

In another recent "Commentary" you wrote of how you particularly valued adventure stories with an emphasis on the culture and people of the location, even if non-boating related. So there is a precedent for stretching the parameters of your magazine's mission. As you probably know from previous letters, I am often interested in social issues. I feel that the megayacht story is extremely interesting when considered from the social perspective.

Many, including particularly Phil Bolger, have emphasized issues related to boating that take into consideration the many social impacts of our chosen form of recreation. Such considerations include the sources of boat building materials and the impact on the environment of their extraction, the impact of mechanical propulsion vs. wind or human power, the impact of the motor vehicle use necessary to get our boats or ourselves to the water, discussions around access to the water and the privatization of America's waterfront, and more that I can't think of right now. In fact, the very criticism that discussion of megayachts is just too foreign to our mission implies a social, economic, and even cultural categorization.

In effect, we have been discussing this issue. But we have only looked at it from one side, some might even say, from one extreme. Well, the story on megayachts simply shows us a little of the other extreme and I find it very worthwhile. In fact, I believe that we need to know about this stuff. So, while we are worrying about the pollution from our little outboards and building our minimal little boats out of reclaimed or discarded materials to be carried to the water atop our hybrid electric subcompact cars, here are some facts about the other half... er, one percent.

In the *Wall Street Journal*, June 15, 2004, Robert Frank cites statistics from the 2004 *World Wealth Report* compiled by Merrill Lynch & Co. "Most striking: the study found that in the U.S. and Canada the number of ultra-rich, those with investment assets of more than \$30 million, has reached 30,000." These are the kind of people who buy these megayachts and there are not very many of them in a country of 300 million.

Now you are asking, "Why should I care?" Well, there is only one pie and it is only so big. The article gives the percentages: "The wealthiest 1% control more than a third of the nations wealth... \$2.3 trillion in stocks... 53% of all individually held shares... and 64% of bonds." If you stretch out the top to the wealthiest 10%, then they control 80% of the wealth. That leaves a pretty small piece of the pie for all the rest of us 297 million to go boating in. On top of this, we must keep in mind that America is the richest country in the world and much of the developing world has huge populations of desperately poor people. The worldwide distribution of income is inequitable to an almost unimaginable extreme.

So I have much belabored my point, which is that social, economic, and cultural factors are always present in our activities, whether we want to recognize them or not. I say it is far better to face the facts. We should all be grateful that you have made the choice to provide us all with this magazine and not be passing ill-conceived judgments about what you choose to print.

I wonder how many kayaks it takes to counterbalance the impact of one megayacht?

Tom Papell, Long Island, NY

About Those Megayachts

I enjoyed your "Commentary" in the February 1 issue about the megayachts. It seems to me that the more human-sized the boat the closer one is to the water, and the slower the boat goes the more one can relate to this pastime of messing about in boats.

There may be two million millionaires in the U.S. alone and we may get a glimpse of a megayacht if we do our boating on salt water, but how many of their owners can actually run their own boats without the many crew members that they must require?

The priorities which are expressed in *MAIB* seem to me to be the ones that have real meaning.

Jonathan Bradley, N. Monmouth, ME

Gotta Pay Attention to Robb's Meanderings

I've been reading the various letters you've published regarding Robb White's contributions to *MAIB*. Here's my perspective. I first read about Robb in the fine piece about him that appeared in *WoodenBoat* a few years ago. I was really inspired, and when his book made it onto the shelves of our local library I was quick to pick it up. I got through about a chapter and just couldn't handle anymore. Too gosh darned hard to read. So I kinda figured I was done with him.

Then I started getting *MAIB*. There he was again. Remembering the labor involved in trying to get through his book, I just ignored his stuff for a while. Then his article about the small boat get-together in West Florida appeared. Since that has been an event I've wished I coulda made it to, I read the article. What a pleasure! Since then I look forward to Robb's meanderings. And you know what? I think he's a pretty talented writer and story teller. His stories often have a way of coming back to where they started, but I have to pay attention to get it.

I imagine it might be possible to have too much of Robb White's stories (his wife probably deserves a medal). But I'm finding enough variety, even when he has a couple of pieces in an issue, to keep myself interested and educated. Maybe I'll even give his book another shot...

Thanks for your continued dedication at putting together an enjoyable magazine.

Martin Ziebell, Prescott, AZ

5hp Won't Do What He Wants

I'd like to comment on the little boat with the 5hp motor on the February 1 cover and what the builder expects to achieve for performance. I fear he'll be disappointed. When I was in junior high my friend and I built a 9'6" boat and found that with either of us on board it would plane and be quite quick with a 6hp Mercury. With both of us it would not plane. We were just boys and it took two of us to equal an average size adult. We found a used 10hp motor and the boat performed marvelously with both of us on board, and we had many marvelous hours racing around Rariton Bay.

I just don't think 5hp will do what he wants.

John Smith, Upper Montclair, NJ

Projects...

Electric Blanket Helps

Dreamcatcher is taking on a real boat shape. Getting the epoxy glue to set is a minor problem slowing progress. I can't get the shop warm enough for it to cure. An electric blanket is the solution.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

It's a Wrap

It's a wrap down here in Virginia where I have been at work this winter on *Elizabeth II* at Manteo. She got new stern posts, deadwood, aft planking, gunports all around, some new wales, patching here and there, and remounted struts (a later addition). They also added twin screws hidden in the bilge for navigating around in the local shallows.

Now it's back to the cold at my own shop in Maine.

Alex Hadden, Hadden Boat, Georgetown, ME



The "All-in-One" Boat

The eclectic nature of your January 15 issue inspired me to finally write. I would be most interested to hear about projects in which someone, probably crazy, attempted to build what I would call an "all-in-one" boat. I have an idea to build one that is 1/4 kayak, 1/4 canoe, 1/4 sailboat, 1/4 rowboat, 1/4 paddle boat and 1/4 solar powered trolling motorboat. Might have to be a boat and a half.

My father has the good sense to assist me only with projects for which plans exist, so I am hoping that someone out there might share some insights on this concept.

I have had a great deal of fun restoring an old wood/canvas kayak I found on a trash heap and am thinking that a similar platform might work for my "all-in-one."

Ed Bunker, Baltimore, MD, baltimoreed1@aol.com

Built a Tin Canoe

After reading Robb White's *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, I followed his directions and built one and launched it. Photos will follow shortly.

Quentin Wilson, La Madera, NM

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory Update

In September of 1995 work began on formalizing our idea of a marine educational organization in Philadelphia, The Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory. For the first three years we operated out of a small bedroom converted into an office in South Philadelphia. The classes were held in the

Workshop on the Water at Independence Seaport Museum. During the summer of 1998 we received some significant press coverage for the work we were doing. When the Vice President of Independence Seaport Museum directed a reporter to us, we realized that it was time to find our own shop.

In September of 1998 we moved into a 2,000sf space in South Philadelphia. We soon found that 2,000sf was not enough space and three months later we found a larger space with higher ceilings and a bigger office down the street. In March of 1999 we moved down to 2045 West Moyamensing Avenue. Over the next six-and-a-half years the shop became a comfortable learning space where over 175 boats were built or restored. In that shop adult class programming was added and over 1,000 students went through youth programs. Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory grew into a strong organization in that shop.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory has once again moved further down the street to 2126 West Moyamensing Avenue. Moving the organization meant a lot more work, downtime for programs, a lot of money allocated towards renovations, and a lot of sacrificing and adjusting as we created a new environment. So why move? Simple. The new shop is 3,500sf, has over 15' ceilings, 2,000sf of fenced outside storage, a 13' garage door, and capacity for working on larger boats. Now we will be able to offer a fulltime apprentice program to train individuals interested in pursuing a career in boat building. This program will be unique in that it will offer strong youth programs and adult classes for the apprentices to interact with.

Over the past winter we built four 17' Dion dories for World Ocean School of Camden, Maine. Lots of help was needed to get those boats built and we had a great community of people turn out to work. There were young people in regular classes who were here once or twice a week and volunteer hours galore. Volunteers were mostly from adult classes, students from the University of Pennsylvania and from the Delaware River Traditional Small Craft Association. I can't give enough thanks to everyone who played a part in the completion of the dories which are now in Maine and will be commissioned next spring.

Along with this project we had a full schedule of adult classes and school students here building canoes, enhancing their academic experience, and learning to work with others, developing self-confidence and the ability to negotiate, learning to think critically, and solving problems.

I had the privilege of teaching at the WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine, this past summer, a great working vacation and experience. We took our *Small* to the WoodenBoat Show as well as one of the Dion dories. We have put some great pictures of *Small* sailing at the show on our website, it really is a terrific boat.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of those that have helped Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory since the beginning. It is because of our students, volunteers, board members, and supporters that this organization is able to continue making a difference in the education of so many people from so many backgrounds and situations. If you would like to take a class or send us names of people you think would be interested, or volunteer your time or make a financial contri-

bution, please do so. Your support allows the Factory to work with young people who are often without many choices, to experience the potential impact education can make to their lives.

Geoff McConly, The Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, Philadelphia, PA, www.woodenboatfactory.org, info@woodenboatfactory.org

Making the Right Choice

Once again I'm renewing my subscription. I think it's been over 20 years now that I've been doing this judging from the stack of back issues taking up a lot of space in the book shelves. Can't seem to force myself to throw those old issues out, so if you know anyone who's interested I'd be happy to give them to anyone who will to pay book rate shipping costs.

I started reading *MAIB* with thoughts of building something when the right design came along, but heck, there's just too many "right" designs coming along and I can't make up my mind. Deciding on the right boat is like deciding on the right woman, you need to be careful in your choice since you'll likely be living with it for a long time. I think the folks who read *MAIB* come in at least three different categories: those who actually use boats to do stuff on the water; those who like to design, build, and modify boats; and finally those who just seem to like to write about boat stuff (no names mentioned). I guess the last category puts *MAIB* in the literary magazine class.

Your great little magazine serves a lot of purposes so I ask that you don't change a thing. Such a bargain and twice a month to boot!

Rich Jakowski, Putnam Hts., CT

From Prop to Paddlewheel

I built my small steam boat 20 years ago as a propeller driven boat. Two years ago I converted it to this side wheeler.

Raymond Hasbrouck, New Paltz, NY



This Magazine...

MAIB Fits Me Just Right

Although *WoodenBoat* is a real classic I really enjoy *MAIB* more. I have been an amateur boat builder, designer, and sailor for many years so *MAIB* fits me just right.

I am glad someone else wrote in about Robb White's foul language. Actually, I rather like what he writes about most of the time but just wish he could use better language.

I have had a subscription for many years and am not about to drop it. I even clip out some articles and send them to a missionary friend in Thailand. I really enjoyed Sharon Brown's article in the February 1 issue.

Jack B. Faatz, Dayton, TN

At a Standstill

MAIB is as entertaining as it is informative. As a high school teacher who builds boats both with and without students and an avid fan of Robb White, I find I rarely get 20' from my mailbox when *MAIB* arrives, brought to a standstill engrossed already in your pages.

Jim Perkins, Trumansburg, NY

About Retirement

You seem to have no plans for retirement. Let me give you my version of that business. I retired at 62 and was glad to be gone. I spent my working life, even with a Master's degree from a major midwestern university which shall be unnamed because they don't deserve to have me as an alumnus, working at jobs I wasn't interested in for guys I thought were dinks. There were a few exceptions.

You've apparently spent at least part of your life working for yourself. Not many of us get to do that. My advice is, as long as you feel like going to the office, go!

I've kept busy building boats, designing houses, keeping track of our rotten politics, and, at 79, I appear to still be healthy. It's just in the past two or three years that I've started asking myself, "what am I doing here?" You should never have to ask that question. Count your blessings, man!

Ron Laviolette, Ionia, MI

Landlord Must Be Okay

We recently moved to North Carolina and landed at our current address after a search for an aesthetically pleasing house. When looking over the house I noticed a copy of *MAIB* on the stairs. My instant assumption was that the landlord must be okay.

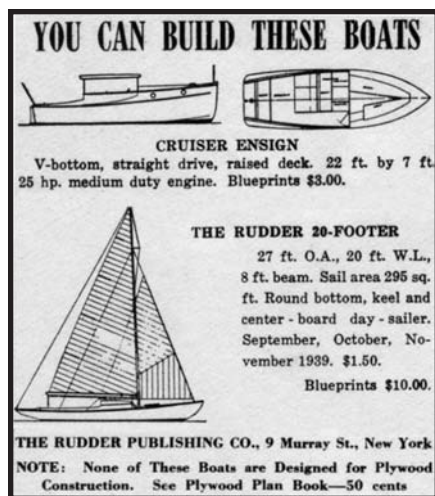
Stephen Elsen, Weaverville, NC

Hard to Find Fault

If you like boats of any kind you can hardly find fault with *MAIB*. And if you have read it since Issue #1 as I have you realize that it depends upon its readers contributing articles about their own little pieces of paradise. I even learned a about the TVA from a recent letter from a reader who was not renewing because *MAIB* did not include the sort of boating they do on those lakes.

Ernie King, Bushnell, FL

Remember When...



YOU CAN BUILD THESE BOATS

CRUISER ENSIGN
V-bottom, straight drive, raised deck. 22 ft. by 7 ft.
25 hp. medium duty engine. Blueprints \$3.00.

THE RUDDER 20-FOOTER
27 ft. O.A., 20 ft. W.L.,
8 ft. beam. Sail area 295 sq.
ft. Round bottom, keel and
center-board day-sailer.
September, October, November 1939. \$1.50.
Blueprints \$10.00.

THE RUDDER PUBLISHING CO., 9 Murray St., New York

NOTE: None of These Boats are Designed for Plywood Construction. See Plywood Plan Book—50 cents



Poetry Corner...

Fleet Blessing

Here is a poem I wrote a few years ago for the Blessing of the Fleet at Blue Hill, Maine. It was originally published in the *Quoddy Tides*, my local newspaper and the easternmost newspaper published in the U.S.

Greetings to one and all
To the fisherman on the trawler,
To the sailors on the yawl.
From the safety of the dock
We send prayers out to
The coasters trying to clear the rock
Standing, smiling here in the sun
The seaman is out seeking blue water fun
To pull a net or reef the main,
The simple truth is made plain:
The sun shall rise
And the tides will flow,
With them both
The waterman will go
And from Downeast to the far east
Another truth to say the least,
Flat calm or roaring gale
In snug coves or foreign sea
We are all watched over
By the powers that be.

A Poem on Dad's Birthday Card

From Jim Thayer

An old sailor went out in a boat,
Around the lake he thought he would float.
The wind came up and he started to sail.
"This is great fun," the sailor did hail.

The boat tipped over and began to sink,
The poor old sailor went into the drink.
This is the moral and you better listen,
If you drown in the lake it's you we'll be missen.

By Steven (and probably Kari)

First Sighting

By John Powell

Is it pertinent to think of the Mayflower
Hove to
Off Chatham reach
Holding her ground
Without anchor or shore light

This master has his task
At hand
North Sea's bluff bow and castle stem
Conspire with Mediterranean sail
To keep them there
Just off
The Cape's Atlantic shore

Working to and froe
Tide runs and wind pulls then pushes
The short hair on his neck stands on end
As he watches gray sand shift beneath the keel

A task at hand, and no other thought allowed
A luxury our time does not know
To hold onto a wooden rail and watch the sea
And think of 130 odd souls
Not swimming with fish

His coat thick with six weeks of Atlantic salt
He smells sweet rain sink into the pine mulched beach
And he knows here there is no place
For a ship as deep as this
That no boat will ride these waves to shore to night

One thought only in his head
To bring this ship around to drive her
Out of here to run her out to sea
And hold her there
And wait until the land and sea are in light again

And drive her on and watch the sand
And sea and then bring her
Around the point of land ahead and then to anchor
And then they may all go to shore
And wash their clothes and sit on the sand
and smell the rain

In Memoriam...

Matthew Weston Farmer

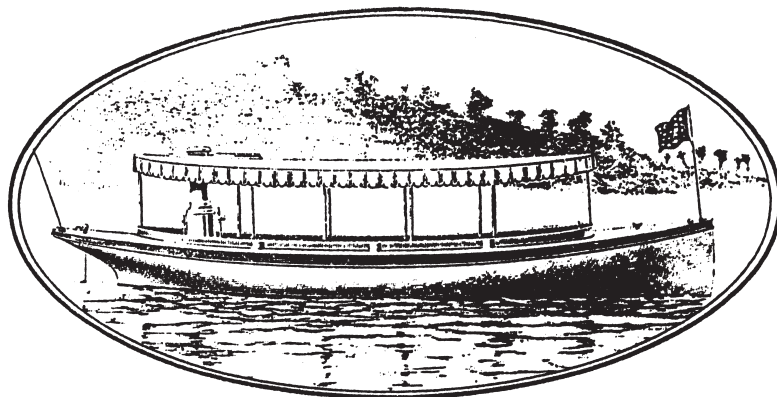
I would like to let your readers know about the death of my good friend Wes Farmer. He was a real fan of your magazine and contributed to it over the years, and I thought that a few words about him might be appropriate.

Matthew Weston "Wes" Farmer died suddenly on February 11, a scant three weeks after the death of Marit, his adored wife of 53 years. Wes was a son of the noted naval architect Weston Farmer and, following his father's death sold plans for "Westy's" designs through regular advertising in *MAIB*. He derived great pleasure from correspondence with successful builders. Wes also provided the magazine with many reprints of articles and drawings by his father.

Wes spent many of his boyhood summers at a family cabin on Isle Royale where he enjoyed showing of

his boating skills to tourists while testing his father's designs in the frigid waters of Lake Superior. In the early 1960s Wes purchased *Harmony*, a Lyman Islander which he kept on Lake Minnetonka near his home in Minnesota. The boat's name reflected Wes's passion for arranging barber shop quartet music, but it also came to symbolize in a very real way the contentment that leisurely boating can bring to a hectic life. Anyone privileged to participate in a cruise with the Farmers could not help but notice how quickly Wes, at the helm of his beloved boat, shed the cares of the day and became a man at peace. The *Harmony*, in its 45th year, despite signs of age and much use is still a grand lady and I know that the Farmers' many friends will think fondly of them as she passes by on the lake.

Pierre Dussol, Minnetonka, MN



Gas Engine and Power Co. 30' naphtha launch with standing roof, awnings, and storm curtains.

Halcyon Days

Weston Farmer

Back in 1975 *Motorboat* magazine ran a series of nostalgia articles by naval architect Weston Farmer, reminiscing about his boyhood in the early years of motorboating. I reprinted this series in *MAIB* in the early '80s through the generosity of Matthew Farmer, Weston's son. I had been contemplating running it again for all the many readers who were not with us 20 years ago, and now with the news of Matthew's death, have decided that now is the time. All six original installments will follow along in upcoming issues.

The nostalgia spell of an old song, as everybody knows, whisks you instantly back to yesteryear. Hearing its first few bars you are wrapped timelessly in the robe of Romance, soft summer breezes whispering of Louises, the rustle of sail in the gloaming, sounds of string music wafting out from the yacht club verandah.

But better than an old tune there is nothing, I submit, nothing this side of Paradise that can match the nostalgic hook of seeing in action an old and noble motorboat of a bygone era. For getting the robes of Romance wrapped around your axle, a fine old boat has music beat all hollow.

If you were lucky enough to have lived in the time when girls dropped only their handkerchiefs and when men retired after dinner to the smoking room to discuss the inevitability of dollar wheat, by Gad, as their cigars burned down, you can recall the charm, dignity, craftsmanship, cussedness, and fractious operation of an old-time motorboat. These were the days when Britannia Ruled the Waves, when T. Roosevelt's Great White Fleet was scaring hell out of the Philippine Archipelago, and when women couldn't vote. Men were men and nothing could be done about it.

There are good reasons for the years from 1895 to roughly 1914 being the Golden Age of the internal combustion motorboat.

It was a time of steam train commuting, a time when summer watering places sprang up by thousands along the waterways of the country. It was the summer community "at the lake," fashionably far from the city's summer stifle that, more than any other factor, was responsible for the 4,000 boat companies that flourished then and afforded a most active market for over 200 makes of marine engines.

Communication between localities in those days was sketchy or non-existent. Detroit or Duluth cared nary a fig for

Chesapeake Bay boat types. No one in Ogdensburg knew what was going on at White Bear Lake. New England thought Florida a land of alligators, swamps, Seminole Indians, and 6" cockroaches, any two of which could lick a dog. And so stood the country. The West Coast was a world apart. Each local waterfront produced an indigenous type of boat unsung and unheard of elsewhere. Little wonder, then, the enormous variety of early motorboats and marine engines.

You must remember that waterways were here long before automobiles and universal roads. Four-cylinder motorboat engines, think of such extravagance, were here before Mr. Buick's one-cylinder marine engine was laid on its side and slung under a horseless carriage by Charles Duryea.

On the shores of these thousands of watering places, the prosperous folk had agglomerated the best locations and were in need of marine locomotion to get to the post office, or to go to the village to meet Dad on the 5:15 rattler. You couldn't expect the kids to walk two miles through the bush down to Ben Heald's farm for a pail of milk and hope it would be fresh by the time it got home! So, sail being dependent upon the vagaries of wind, some sort of power put into a boat was "de rigueur" for the summer man's family.

Back in 1880 the steam launch had come first, but it took half an hour to work up running steam, so the two-minute naphtha launch quickly took over. For about 20 years, from 1885 to 1905, the graceful naphtha launch was the nickel-plated mode for breezing off friends of an evening or for running errands.

Naphtha was much quicker to vaporize over a fire than was water. This low grade "white" gasoline, deodorized of its sulphurous distillation smell, was at that time in favor for dry cleaning and was more efficient as a boiler fluid than water by a heat

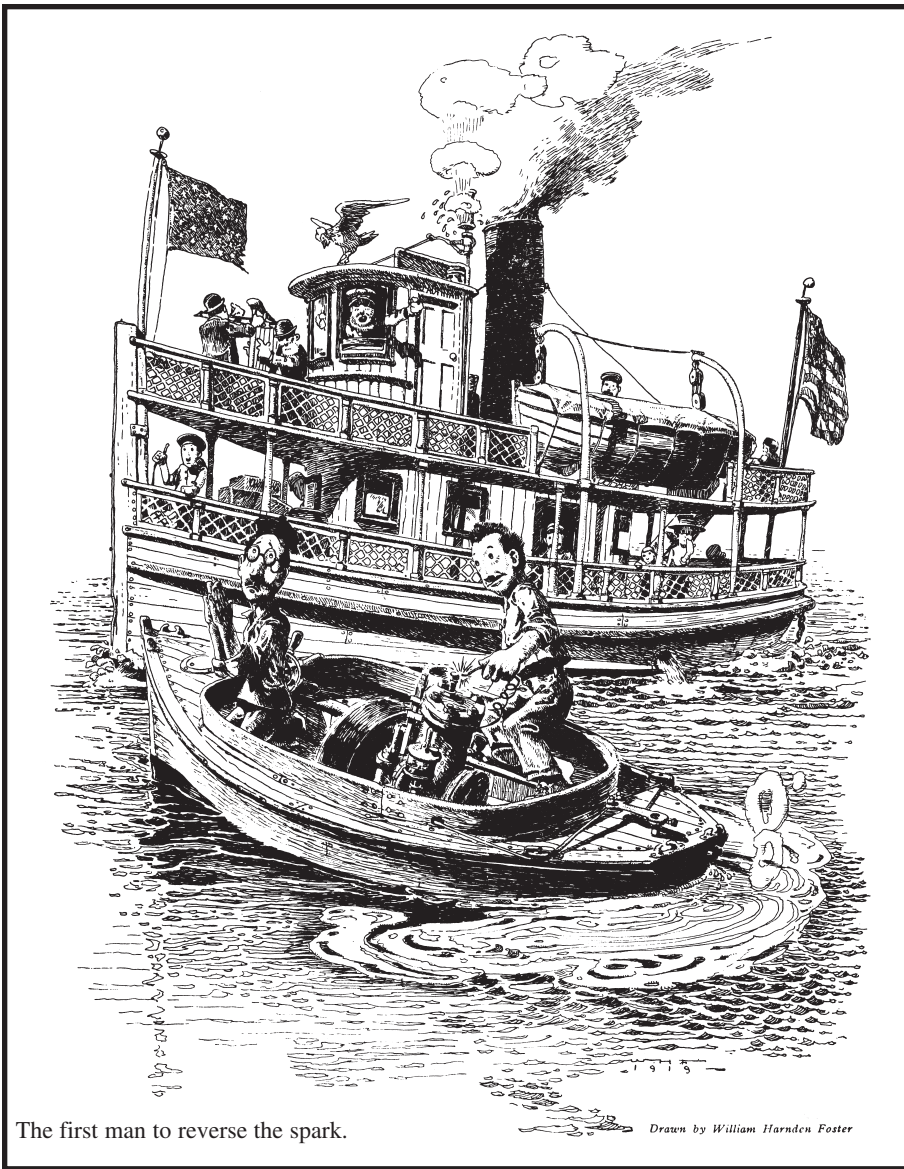
transfer ratio of 9:5. This was proved in 1883 by Frank W. Ofeldt, a Passaic, New Jersey, inventor and engineer. Ofeldt's idea was to boil the gasoline instead of water, build the engine integral with the heating plant, and run the whole outfit like a steam engine on the expansive vapor of hot naphtha at 65psi pressure.

It was a workable idea. The entire boat had to be part of the power plant because condensing the naphtha after expansion in the engine required the pipes to be led outboard so as to cool the naphtha along the length of the keel before it was returned to the bow supply tank. Every naphtha power plant was a unit designed to work integrally with the boat. Naphtha engines were never sold separately.

Although externally rather than internally fired, and strictly not the kind of motorboat we know today, the naphtha launch found great favor. Nobody seemed to mind being shipmates with a barrel of boiling gasoline and no license was required to let you boil it. You did need a license to boil water. Yes, siree! Every steam launch required a "licensed" engineer, the owner-skipper of the littlest steamer had to "have papers." This was vestigial underwriters' law from the days of sail, when the windjamming world feared the economic inroads of steam. Congress never did catch up with Ofeldt and his boiling gasoline, but the Law, in its Majesty, advances. Someday seagulls will be forced to wear diapers, you can bet on it.

Naphtha launch hulls evolved from early steam launch hulls. The deep stern-post tuck was fine for submerging a big propeller, and soon the counterstern type evolved into the true rounded "fantail" stern. Salty U.S. Navy bosuns will please note, this is the true "fantail," showing whence came the term, not from the sawed-off butt end of a battleship.

Fantail sterns were the vogue from 1890 to the demise of the naphtha launch about



The first man to reverse the spark.

Drawn by William Harnden Foster

1905. All naphtha launches were the product of the Gas Engine and Power Company of New York, and it is from their old mint condition catalog that I have extracted a cut of their 30' fantail launch of 8hp, capable of 8mph. Note that the engine aft, with the fuel supply concealed in the bow, freed the whole boat from the burden of the bunkers, the boiler, the engine, the condenser, and the pumps needed by steam. Mine Host's passengers now had the preferred room in the boat. This little ship gave a wonderful, solid, graceful ride, although its operation was sometimes interrupted by fireworks.

If the rich man at the lake wanted full safety and exquisite elegance from 1893 to about 1910 he bought an electric launch, the acme of grace, initial cost, the Rolls Royce quality. These were built by The Electric Launch Co. (Elco) of Bayonne, New Jersey, after the spectacular success of their first fleet of electric launches in transporting 2,000,000 paying passengers, with a safe record, at the Columbian Exposition in the lagoon at Chicago in 1893.

Early Elco launches were expensive. In addition to the cost of the boat they required shoreside charging facilities. This added to the luster of the night scene as their Cooper-Hewitt mercury rectifiers shed green moon-

light during off-hour charging, hopefully not tapped from a nearby trolley line. I can still see the typical electric launch boathouse, all gingerbread Byzantine carpentry, elegantly installed in a private basin into and under the roof of which the boat was nursed when not in use, and over which was a fashionable "gazebo," the "in" term for a screened lolling place where pallid ladies swapped gossip and swatted mosquitoes with their fans of an evening.

All during this time the steam launch was fading out. And about 1895-1900, when naphtha and electric launches were the coveted boats, the internal combustion engine, which had been developed in Germany to a worldwide patentable state in 1878, began to assert its economic superiority over steam, naphtha, and the electric boats. Boats were no longer economic if they depended upon power wastefully transmitted from external heat or stored electrical energy.

Slowly, by word of mouth and occasional example, the gasoline engine became part of the awareness of men in boating affairs. Crude communications had kept the great news dormant. Somebody had put fire and its heat energy right inside an engine!

Biography shall here claim you but an instant. Nicholaus August Otto is the man

who invented the basic proposition of the internal combustion engine. He had already built and sold 5,000 gas engines that operated on illuminating gas by the time of the Paris Exposition of 1876. His earth-shaking invention of the Otto four-stroke cycle followed when, striving to improve his already successful one-cylinder, pile driver type engine, he made the discovery that compression of a hydrocarbon vapor in a cylinder enormously increased its explosive pressure and made ignition instantaneous. This discovery, compression and ignition, is Otto's claim on immortality. It made possible the internal combustion engine we know today. Four-cycle, two-cycle, diesel, Wankel, or producer gas are only variations on the basic Otto theme of compression and ignition.

Up until the time N.A. Otto patented this machine that would dramatically transform our world, his illuminating gas engine was capable of 30rpm and employed 1/11th of an atmosphere of compression. Ignition was by propagation from a steady flame in a box. The engine stood waist high, developed .86hp, and could not be built in multiple cylinders because the piston rod was centrally fixed and integral with the piston, and consisted of a rack which operated a ratchet on the flywheel shaft. Otto had bypassed the crankshaft of the steam engine, considering it inefficient in its translation of pressure to rotary motion.

It is interesting to reflect that all the early experimenters with the big bang inside an engine were Germans. Although he used a vapor engine, Ofeldt was a German expatriate. Otto, a Prussian born in Holshausen, Nassau, in 1832, was obviously a citizen of the land of the weiner and sauerkraut. Dr. Rudolph Diesel, a German who came later, used powdered coal injected into the first diesel cylinder and blew his engine to smithereens on the first bang. It is also interesting to ruminate on the terms these gentlemen might have used in their tight Teutonic language to name their contraptions in the mother tongue.

German, you see, is graphic. If you are describing an elephant with a wounded left leg, the Germans have one word for the whole lashup. Thus, submarine becomes "unterseemotorboote." I have it from impeccable unreliable sources that what the English, in their delicacy, term the feminine garment "bra" is in German termed a "holzumfromfloppin." So Otto's first engines were probably marketed as "derin-nergutzbangenschpitters." This may be why Dugald Clerk, a Scotsman who was knighted for his invention of the two-cycle engine, tried to simplify things.

Levity shall be brushed aside for a sentence or two as we consider these first motorboat engines, even if they were bum German jokes. N.A. Otto had the perspicacity to patent his four-stroke cycle worldwide in 1877. His U.S. patent, granted on August 14, 1877, was licensed to the Philadelphia firm of Schleicher & Schumm & Company, who also obviously understood the meaning of "bangenschpitter." From an illuminating gas engine at Paris in 1876 to worldwide patents in 1877 and licensing of the four-stroke cycle in 1878, proves Otto was a man of fine mettle, and don't spell it metal because, obviously, there was no lead in his pants.

When these patents ran out 17 years later in 1895, licensing went out the window and every maker of lawnmowers, trunk fur-

niture, or slot machines got into the business of making gasoline engines. Dugald Clerk's two-cycle patents ran out the same year and so it mattered little which "cycle" was chosen to manufacture. History records that the cheapies soon fell by the wayside, but those engines built to standards of adequacy and quality, and hence price, survived as market leaders. Longevity and reliability were treasured long after price was forgotten.

By 1905, anybody who could buy castings and cut metal on a lathe seemed to jump into the engine business. Typically the Lackawanna marine engine was built by the Coldwell Lawnmower Company of Newburgh, New York, and the Caille Perfection engine was built by Arthur Caille, of Detroit, whose main business was one-armed bandit slot machines. Most boat-builders were originally incorporated as "boat and engine company," building their own engines.

It is an astounding bit of drama to realize that the entire development of the gasoline engine had occurred within the lifetime of many men still living. I myself have lived 7/9th of the time, and have been a professional in the motorboat game for 60 years. I, therefore, remember most of this development from having lived it. Time is circular, not vertical, in calling back life's memories, and today when someone hands me an old Schebler bowl carburetor, wondering what it is, I am on affectionate terms with the whole Schebler family, as well as the engines to which it was attached. But let me tell you...

(To be Continued)

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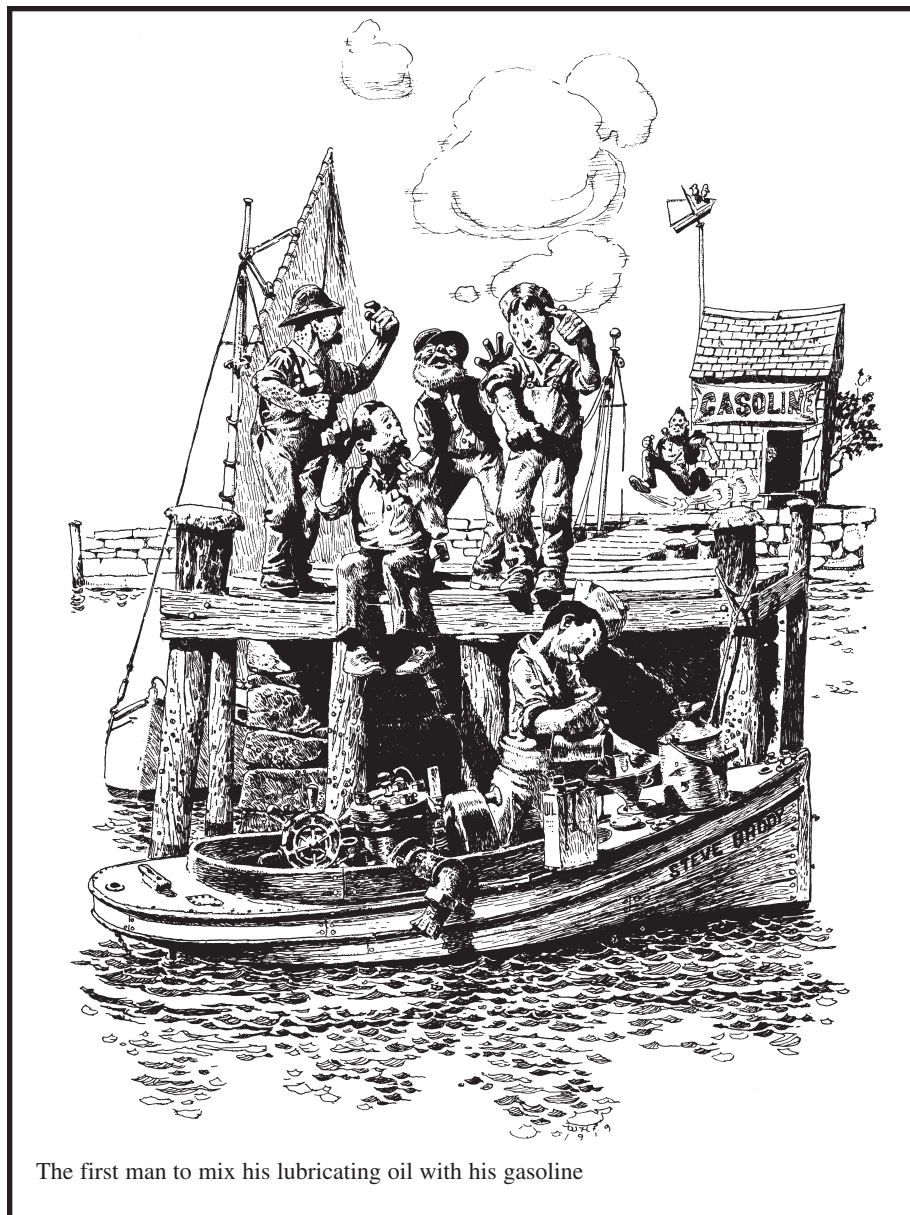
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Narragansett Bay on an American Classic

By Sharon Brown

Reflection: Precipitated by a day sail on a good boat. It was 7:30am when I stepped into Ann Brown's car on a late September Sunday in Mystic, Connecticut. Old friends, we exchanged greetings and shared quiet, the rural green countryside streaking past on the drive to her son Kerry's home about 45 minutes away in Narragansett, Rhode Island. Our mood, one of anticipation and excitement as the three of us were invited to sail on the sloop *Cinderella*. Her name, engendering magic, slipped repeatedly with savor from Annie's tongue, this sail for her a much anticipated event.

Kerry's wife Erin hosted a brief tour of their home, decorated with intriguing nautical memorabilia, and resident Corgi, Leonard, demonstrated his squirrel chasing talents. Then we shifted our gear to Kerry's Jeep, waved good-bye to Erin, who prefers terra firma, and drove to Wickford Shipyard still talking boats.

Kerry owns a down-easter, the *Dorsey Dee*, a picnic boat designed by Raymond Bunker and built in 1954 by Robert Rich in Bass Harbor, Maine. Her tender is also a Maine hull, a Jim Steele peapod, built in Brooklin in the 1960s. We slipped *Dorsey Dee*'s lines and fended off the peapod as Kerry eased her with confidence out into the channel. Wickford is an enclave of heart and harbor of wooden boats which Kerry noted as we creased a flat calm surface through the moorings in air warm enough for shorts and sandals. About 20 minutes later we had *Cinderella* in sight, Fox Island to the southwest, the Jamestown Bridge in the distance, and were preparing to drop anchor, Kerry organizing it all with little effort born of experience.

We transferred our gear to the peapod drawn alongside and boarded with Kerry taking the oars. After checking out *Dorsey Dee*'s rode we stroked over to meet our host, Will Cummer, who was toweling down *Cinderella*'s brightwork. We handed up the lunch and bags to Will and climbed aboard, sitting in her ample cockpit while Kerry tied the peapod to *Cinderella*'s *Slipper*, her small plywood tender. *Cinderella* is a 35' l.o.a. sloop designed by C. Raymond Hunt for Concordia, built by Peirce & Kilburn

Dorsey Dee, a 30' Ray Bunker designed Maine picnic boat built in Bass Harbor in 1954 by Robert Rich. (Sharon Brown Photograph)



Pulling out of Wickford, Rhode Island, Kerry Brown's peapod rides comfortably in *Dorsey Dee*'s wake. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

Shipyard and launched in 1936 in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. Will has owned her for 20 years and maintains her in Bristol fashion.

In short order we raised sail and slipped the mooring, bearing away to the south leaving the peapod, *Slipper*, and *Dorsey Dee* in our wake. We sailed all day in Narragansett Bay, circumnavigating Conanicut Island, out through West Passage, under the Jamestown Bridge to the mouth of the bay, rounding Beavertail Point, and then back up East Passage to Fox Island. We had a fair tide in each direction and a weak east-northeasterly on the way out and a fresh southwesterly when near the Newport Bridge on our return. We shared the waters with boaters extending the season in a myriad of vessels.

Will is retired from teaching at Cornell and the Rhode Island School of Design. We talked briefly of Hardu Keck (1940-2003), common friend and a popular, long-time R.I.S.D. professor. Otherwise, our cockpit conversations were largely about the voyage, the immediate variables of wind, tide, and boat traffic, the shoreline, and various parts of *Cinderella*'s rig, engine, and accommodations that Will and Kerry tinkered with throughout the day. *Cinderella* is easy to sail, responsive, and fast. There were no pressures, no tense moments, it was totally relaxing and in the moment.

Narragansett Bay, the Ocean State's gem, is aligned roughly on a north-south

axis, an estuary 25 miles by 10 miles with a surface area of 147 square miles and average depth of 26' (Save the Bay, Inc. data). It is habitat for species of economic importance including lobster, shellfish, and flounder. Almost two million people live within its watershed, five major rivers discharge into the bay, a haven for recreational boating, with a 256-mile shoreline attracting millions of visitors each year, having been a Mecca for travelers since the mid-1800s. Providence, the state capital, lies at its northern head and, though mostly in Rhode Island, Fall River on its northeast shore on one lobe is in Massachusetts. The three largest islands in the bay are Aquidneck, Conanicut, and Prudence. Newport is on the southern end of Aquidneck. Prudence Island, ca. six square miles, is mostly unspoiled and park-like with few year-round residents and limited public facilities. Conanicut Island, nine miles long by one mile wide, lies in a north-south direction and is linked between North Kingstown on the west and Newport on the east via bridges. The largest town on Conanicut is Jamestown with a population of about 6,000. A number of watchdog type organizations report on the bay, including the University of Rhode Island's *Narragansett Bay Journal* (Narragansett Bay Estuary Program) and Narragansett Bay Classroom.

For lighthouse aficionados, the Bay offers a feast, including those we sailed past: Plum Beach, Dutch Island, Beavertail, Castle Hill, Rose Island, and Conanicut. Near the Jamestown-Verrazano Bridge by the North Kingstown shore sits the cast iron "spark plug-type" Plum Beach Light, built in 1899 and restored last year by Friends of Plum Beach Light. We passed next the 42' brick Dutch Island Light in West Passage built in 1857 (Dutch Island Lighthouse Society). The dramatic Beavertail Light, active from 1856, sits on the southern tip of Conanicut on the eastern entrance to the Bay and Newport Harbor. The light, flashing white every six seconds, is atop a square 45' granite tower in Beavertail State Park where the keeper's house serves as a museum. Judging by the cars spilling out of the parking lots and the ant-like masses swarming over the shore, it is a popular destination. Between Castle Hill, Fort Adams, and Rose Island, we passed



Cinderella at her mooring with *Cinderella's Slipper*. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

Hammersmith Farm, Jackie Bouvier's childhood summer home, a venue for presidential functions after her marriage to John F. Kennedy in 1953, his short reign now more distant than 30 years. Conanicut Light, the last that we noted, marks the north end of the island; it looks like a house and is privately owned.

After circling the yacht *Geronimo*, anchored for a crew swim off the western shore, we sailed up to *Cinderella's* mooring, fending off the tenders. The sun set behind the tree-lined hills now in silhouette. We put *Cinderella* to bed, hailed good-bye, and transferred to the peapod, reversing our morning procedure, lingering over each step. A beautiful end to the day. We were soon securing *Dorsey Dee* in her slip, conversing with boaters hauling equipment to shore marking another year. By the time Annie dropped me back in Mystic it was well past dark and we'd been lost in thought for miles.

Reverie on the walk to work is punctuated with small boats awash, riding the intertidal like garbage, week after week. Easily forgotten, their daily shoreline fate uncertain, far from the frenzied lifestyle of owners or simply neglected because they can tolerate abuse. Larger vessels are not immune. The Whaler with 75 h.p. outboard in a Gloucester cove registers the tide's rising as it grates across the rip rap sliding about four feet back into the water. Sloops ride their moorings with sails bent on, storm after storm, released from the grip of ice with the spring melt. One might assume that wooden boats did not suffer the same fate until they, too, became superfluous to a waning lifestyle. Regardless, the relationship between wooden vessels and good seamanship is obvious, owners and users are rewarded by practicing good habits which are independent of historical era and often equally appropriate in areas of life outside of boating. To hold *Dorsey Dee's* wheel, or row the peapod, or take *Cinderella's* tiller is to experience good design, craftsmanship, and seamanship and appreciate the dedication of those that have cared for each from launch. Looking at photographs of this day drew me into the history of the boats, weaving daydreams from the wakes left by clients, designers, builders, and sailors and the pleasures still derived from their individual commitment.

In Kerry's words, *Dorsey Dee* was

"used to commute between Lincolnville and a summer home on Isleboro; she never worked and was built to be a picnic boat. She draws 2'6" of water and has a 9'6" beam, wide for a down-easter of her length, because Rich built her on Bunker's molds for a 34' boat [*Finest Kind*, which Kerry saw in Hyannis in 1998]. Powered with a 1973, 115 hp Westerbeke diesel, she cruises at 10 kts. and is inexpensive to run.

"She was refastened, recaulked, and had two new planks installed in 1991 by Robert Rich. This was done after she was laid up for many years inside the boathouse on Isleboro. 'We found her in the boathouse with the railway rotted away,' said her last owner. 'She had 300 lbs. of bird guano on her with 30 layers of paint. We wanted the boathouse and didn't care about the boat.' The person hired to cut the boat up objected, believing she looked like a Ray Bunker boat. Research on paperwork in the house confirmed she was built by Rich and he was contracted to perform the overhaul." Ralph Stanley, in his book, *Tales of a Maine Boatbuilder* (2004, Down East Books), credits Bunker with having had the strongest influence of all builders on his work and includes a great photograph of him working with partner Ralph Ellis.

Kerry "purchased *Dorsey Dee* in 1998 and restored the port side of her wheelhouse, refinished the hull and interior, and replaced the deck. For the most part, *Dorsey Dee* is original. All of her frames, most of her plank-ing, and all of her structural timbers are original" (Kerry C. Brown, personal communication, October 16, 2004). She is in excellent shape; Kerry maintains her personally with skill and loving care and last worked on her over the winter of 2003-2004.

Although refastened and sister-framed, Kerry's peapod, intended more for pleasure than for the lobstering work of her ancestors, belies her 40+ year age. Found in bad shape in a friend's Wickford shop, Kerry carefully transported her home where he restored her in the winter of 1999-2000. Now he and his

daughter Erica row her in New England anchorages, often with Leonard who loves a boat ride.

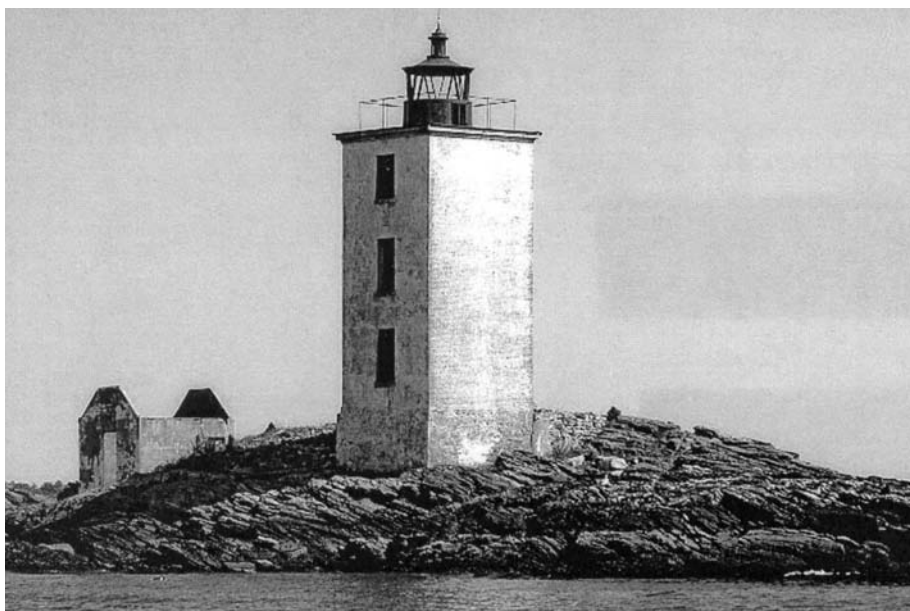
A small paragraph in the May 1936 issue of *Yachting* foretold *Cinderella's* launch. "The 25' water line jib-headed auxiliary sloop now building by Peirce & Kilburn, at Fairhaven, from designs by the Concordia Co. of Boston, should be afloat early in May. The length of the yacht overall is 34'9", waterline is 25', 8' beam, draft 5'4", sail area 520 sq. ft., and the weight of the lead keel is approximately 5000 lbs. Auxiliary power is supplied by a Gray motor, and the sails are cut from the newly improved Wamsutta duck. The details and construction were worked out by Peirce & Kilburn in accord with the ideas of the Concordia Co., composed of Llewellyn and Waldo Howland and Rodman Swift of New Bedford and C. Raymond Hunt of Boston. The sloop, to be named *Cinderella*, is owned by C. [Charles] McKim Norton, Garrison Norton [brother], and Henry Woodruff of New York."

According to Llewellyn Howland III (*The New Bedford Yacht Club*, 2002), Cliff Kilburn, a New Bedford native, educated at Phillips Andover and the Pratt Institute, founded Peirce & Kilburn, or P & K Boatyard, in 1910 with Charles Peirce. In 1927 the yard moved to Fort St., Fairhaven, from the old Beetle boatyard and became the dominant service and storage yard on Buzzards Bay for large yachts. Some "important yachts" were built there under the supervision of Major William Smyth for Concordia. A friend of the Howlands, Smyth moved to P & K after running Dauntless Shipyard in Essex, Connecticut. The P & K yard was located on the same site that became Fairhaven Shipyard and Marina, and Smyth retired in the early 1970s from Mystic Shipyard, West Mystic, Connecticut.

The *Yachting* (August 1936) ad for P & K, "The 'Midway Yard' between New York and Boston," urged yachtsmen to store their yachts in the "new fireproof and automatic-

Will Cummer at the helm of *Cinderella* with Sharon and Ann Brown. (Kerry Brown Photograph)





Dutch Island Light marks Narragansett Bay's West Passage. (Ann Brown Photograph)

ly sprinkled B Shed," across the harbor in New Bedford. Their service included a basin and marine turntable with "12 radiating tracks, 14' and 16' of water on the sills." Yachtsmen, always alert to firefighting measures, were especially mindful since in June of the same year the Britt Brothers Yard in West Lynn, Massachusetts, burned to the ground, causing \$100,000 damage, on the eve of the launch of a 60' Sparkman Stephens-designed cabin cruiser for E.C. Dickinson, of Essex, Connecticut. Another ad for Peirce & Kilburn, Inc., Fairhaven, appeared in the September issue of *Yachting* with additional information that a new Hunt designed auxiliary cruising yawl 43'4" was being laid down in the mould loft for Concordia. By December (*Yachting* 1936) the storage sheds were full of boats, those in the basin outside covered with "winter houses" and Smyth was supervising the yawl's construction.

At Mystic Seaport's Ships Plans Division, volunteer Joe Callaghan is cataloging the Concordia Collection. Business records are not available but there are six sheets (Sheet 130.4.1 to 6) of Design No. 5, including ink on linen of the lines, construction, sections, and cabin plan. (Lines for a proposed 25'0" waterline auxiliary sloop, scale 1"=1'0", Concordia Co. Inc., 50 State St., Boston. T. F. R. 12-23-'35. Lines plan drawn by C. Raymond Hunt and traced by W.B.H[arris]. June 30, 1936; construction June 8, 1936; and cabin plans drawn June 18 by Harris.) They call for white oak deadwood, horn timber, keel, floor timbers, and 1-1/4"x1-1/4" frames. The shelf, sheer clamp, and bilge stringer were Oregon fir or coastal Douglas fir, planking of 1-1/8" Philippine Mahogany not over 4-1/2" wide, and ceiling of Port Orford cedar. She was powered by a Gray Sea Scout model 8-16 HR engine. Utilitarian accommodations: two pipe frame berths, a shelf with basin, and dresser for stove.

Cinderella's lines would make a handsome half-model. A beautiful design and, to Callaghan's eyes, "balanced." Not a gratuitous compliment coming from someone who for ten years stewarded *Dame of Sark*, Concordia Yawl, No. 86 built in 1961, selling

her in 2000. Steven Donovan, her new owner, honors the tradition, maintaining this 43-year old classic in mint condition. (The November 2004 issue of *Windcheck*, the L.I. Sound magazine, features her on the cover racing in Stonington Harbor Y. C.'s Rock2Rock Regatta.)

In Volume I of his autobiography, *A Life In Boats* (1984, Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc.), Waldo Howland included a photograph of *Cinderella* and discussed her lines, narrow and meant to be fast for her owner, Kim Norton. "*Cinderella* was a fine example of his [Major Smyth's] best work," praised Waldo. She did well by her next owner, Thomas Card, of Fairhaven until the 1954 hurricane when one side of her was damaged. A neighbor of Waldo's bought her as a wreck to rebuild and then Waldo lost track. She has prospered during Will Cummer's tenure. Recently he installed a new Yanmar diesel and, while we were underway, hand-stitched a modesty curtain for the head! *Cinderella* is in top condition, her varnish meticulously applied and maintained, a labor of commitment and respect.

Cinderella's designer, builders, and original owners were in the thick of ocean yacht racing, rubbing shoulders with the great designers and yachtsmen of the day including L. Francis Herreshoff, Sparkman & Stephens, W. Starling Burgess, John G. Alden, C. Sherman Hoyt, and Clinton H. Crane. Kim Norton and his brother Garrison lived and worked in New York City, summered in Maine, and were members of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. They sailed in heady yachting circles with the

movers and shakers of the sport and participated in races that set records and established reputations. Kim Norton sailed on Paul L. Hammond's *Landfall* with Waldo Howland, who knew him as a Harvard upperclassman. *Landfall* was supposed to lead the fleet in the 1931 Transatlantic race, but it was won by *Dorade* designed by Olin J. Stephens II. Norton had raced to Spain in 1928 on *Nina*, which was another Hammond-owned yacht, designed by his friend, Starling Burgess. The Norton brothers owned *Cayuse* designed by Burgess and built in the same Canadian yard as *The Rose of Sharon* and *Mistress*.

The schooner *Nina*, designed by Starling Burgess of Burgess & Morgan, Ltd. for Hammond and Elihu Root, was built by Reuben Bigelow of Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts, in 1928. Burgess, a brilliant designer, was responsible for about 2000 different models and *Nina* is considered pivotal in his career. Designed under the measurement rule for the Spanish Ocean Race, she was 59' l.o.a. (50' x 14'10" x 9'11") and double-planked in mahogany, with teak decks (*Yachting*, June 1928). Her keel laid in mid-January, she was planked by the beginning of March and christened June first. Kim Norton was one of the crew when, under Hammond's command, she won the Queen of Spain Cup in the Sandy Hook, New York, to Santander, Spain, Spanish Race and, in the words of L. Francis Herreshoff, "overnight *Nina*, Paul Hammond, and W.S. Burgess became world famous" (*Rudder*, May 1947). Hammond returned to the U.S. and gave command of *Nina* to naval architect Sherman Hoyt for the Fastnet Race. Getting used to her "radical" staysail rig, he sailed her into the Irish Sea and back capturing first place on his first Fastnet with Kim Norton in his crew, only one of whom he knew, Gardner Emmons. *Nina* continued to perform on the racing circuit under her next owner, Chamberlain deCoursey Fales, as a

A modern racing sloop with crew of seven, slips across the finish line near the Newport Bridge. (Sharon Brown Photograph)





The 12-Meter Glean reaches across Narragansett Bay (Sharon Brown Photograph).

flagship of the New York Yacht Club (C. Sherman Hoyt, 1950, *Memoirs*; William H. Tayler, *Yachting*, May 1947). In his entertaining *WoodenBoat* series on Burgess (Nos. 71 to 74), Louie Howland quotes him, "Of the many hundreds of boats I have had the fun of designing, *Nina* has always been my favorite." Burgess designed three successful America's Cup defenders including *Enterprise*, Harold "Mike" Vanderbilt's successful "J" boat defender of the America's Cup in Newport in 1930. She won the position against the L.F. Herreshoff-designed *Whirlwind* commissioned by Hammond's N.Y.Y.C. syndicate, *Wheatamore*, designed by Clinton Crane for J. Pierpont Morgan's syndicate and the so-called Boston *Yankee* designed by Frank Paine for the syndicate headed by Chandler Hovey and then routed Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock V* in four straight races.

Following Hammond's lead, the Nortons turned to Burgess to design their next boat, the schooner *Cayuse*, 51'9" l.o.a. (42'0" x 13'6" x 8'4") built by the Eastern Ship Building Corporation, Ltd., in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in 1930. Shipwrights in this old family yard included, at the time, young yachtsmen "two of whom were with the *Nina* on her famous Santander race [Gardner Emmons, Robert A. Jordan], and one of whom was on the *Mohawk* as a Corinthian crew member" (*Fore and Aft*, February 1930; *Pacific Yachting*, August 2002). J. Lawrence Pool, Jr. was aboard *Mohawk* on the 1928 Spain and Fastnet Races and then joined *Landfall* in 1931 on the Transatlantic to Plymouth. Emmons crewed on *Cayuse* for the Nortons in the 1930 Bermuda Race as did Nicholas Biddle, Benjamin Pollet, Furst Lowry, and John C. West (the latter two crewed on *Nina* in 1928). And for the same race, Oliver Ames and Columbus Islen from Eastern crewed on another Burgess-designed auxiliary schooner, the 51' l.o.a. *Rose of Sharon*. Built by Eastern in 1930 for Austin and Thomas W. Lamont and homeported in Pulpit Harbor, Maine, the 25-ton *Rose of Sharon*, fir-planked on oak frames, is still sailing on the Pacific Coast. Both she and *Cayuse* were touted as miniature versions of *Nina*, or

Ninettes, a design which Hammond labeled "a peach of a little packet" (*Fore and Aft*, February 1930).

There are eight sheets (11.71) for *Cayuse* in the Burgess Collection of Mystic Seaport's Ships Plans, including sail plans for a ketch rig drawn in early 1931. Sheets numbered 11.72 (11) are for Burgess' 42'0" l.w.l. Schooner Class *Ninette* (offsets and construction drawn August to November 1929). "For the *Ninette* is in reality but a miniature," claimed Burgess, "as the diminutive of the name implies, of a boat known wherever sails are hoisted or starting guns fired, the *Nina*."

The Nortons entered *Cayuse* in the 1930 Bermuda Race against Olin Stephens' 52' l.o.a. yawl *Dorade* and George E. Roosevelt's 60'6" auxiliary schooner *Mistress*, designed by Sherman Hoyt [Henry Gielow, Inc.] and newly launched at Eastern Ship Building, Ltd. *Dorade* was first over the line and first in Class B, beating the staysail schooner *Sayonara*, cutter *Viking*, schooners *Rose of Sharon* (second on corrected time), *Cayuse* (third on corrected time), and the William Hand-designed *Lion's Whelp* (*Fore and Aft*, May 1930; December 1930; A. Loomis, 1936, "Ocean Racing, The Great Blue-Water Yacht Races 1866-1935," Alfred F. Loomis, William Morrow & Co.; Cruising Club of America Archives, Mystic Seaport).

In his account of *Landfall's* Transatlantic race the following year, Uffa Fox quipped, "Kim yarned to us about his cruising schooner [*Cayuse*], which is a small *Nina*, being 42' on the waterline." When I asked Olin if he could shed any light on the Nortons, he e-mailed back, "I knew Kim Norton and his brother as they talked with me before building the Burgess boat in 1930. They were sensible to go to Starling but I think the boat was not very well built and I took some unkind satisfaction in the fact that we beat them in the 1930 Bermuda race. It was natural to think of *Cayuse* as the smaller sister of *Nina* but the similarity was not apparent to me. The rating rule had been radically changed. I remember nothing at all about the later Ray Hunt-designed boat [*Cinderella*] and would guess that the '30s activity was a "flash in the pan" (Olin

Stephens, November 9, 2004).

The opportunity to crew on *Landfall* was Waldo Howland's first contact with Hammond, graduate of the Harvard Class of 1906, a New York industrial banker, and member of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y.C., who raced many boats from Kittens to New York 50's most homeported in Oyster Bay, Long Island (*A Life In Boats*, Vol. I). Howland raced aboard the L. Francis Herreshoff-designed Bermudan ketch (L.F. Herreshoff, 1973, *Sensible Cruising Designs*, International Marine Publ. Co.) with a crack crew of 11 men that included Hammond, Uffa Fox, John Quincy Adams, and Kim Norton (second mate). The 71'0" x 18'6" x 10'10" hull was built in 1931 by Abeking & Rasmussen in Lemwerder, Germany, especially for the race. She carried sail in excess of 3000 sq. ft. and 18 bunks. Nothing had been spared in her construction, outfitting, and crew selection. She was the scratch boat and favored. W.B. Luard, aboard his cutter *Maitenes II*, recorded his account in the 1931 Royal Cruising Club Journal, as did Uffa Fox in *Sailing, Seamanship and Yacht Construction*, and Alfred F. Loomis in *Ocean Racing*. *Landfall*, at the Herreshoff yard in Bristol for last minute tuning, was towed to Newport by Nat Herreshoff's son, Sidney, and to the start by past commodore of the Cruising Club of America, George Bonnell, with his cruiser *Old Glory*. The wind was light and fluky but it must have been a magnificent sight to see ten large sailing yachts on the horizon after the noon start from the Brenton Reef Lightship off Newport on July 4, 1931.

Despite the hype and Hammond's hopes, it was the smaller, narrow-beamed *Dorade* (19'3" beam) with Rod Stephens and his older 23-year old brother Olin who skillfully sailed her and, gambling on earlier race accounts of winning yachts, took the northern route for a record crossing of 17 days 1 hour and 14 minutes. Olin, in his 1999 autobiography, *All This And Sailing Too* (Mystic Seaport), described the elation he and Rod shared over *Dorade's* winning performance. To ice the cake, in youthful exuberance they sailed back out to the finish line two days later with their families aboard to watch their closest rivals. As they beat to the finish *Landfall* and *Highland Light* crews knew they were vying for second because of the time they had to give *Dorade*. Frank Paine, owner of the 61' schooner *Highland Light* (built at the Lawley yard in 1931) was eager for a win but *Landfall* beat her by a mere 14 minutes and was sixth on corrected time. After the Transatlantic Race, *Dorade*, Design No. 7, built for Rod Stephens, Sr. by Minneford Yacht Yard, Inc., also took first in the 1931 Fastnet Race. Front page *New York Times* news, a Broadway ticker-tape parade for "The Victorious *Dorade*" followed September 2, 1931, with a New York City Hall reception hosted by Mayor James J. Walker ("Sparkman & Stephens, S&S, 75 Years 1929-2004," Program 75th Anniversary, 2004; video clips narrated by crew John D. Fox at their website).

In 1923 John G. Alden won his class in *Malabar IV* in the first 600+ nautical mile Bermuda Race from New London, Connecticut, to St. David's Head, Bermuda. Many raced his schooners in subsequent Bermuda races, as for example, in 1926 Alden raced *Malabar VII* and Garrison Norton crewed aboard *Malabar III*, in 1928

Olin Stephens raced with Alden aboard *Malabar IX*, in 1930 the Norton brothers raced *Cayuse* as noted, Herbert L. Stone, editor of *Yachting*, was navigator of *Malabar VIII*, while Alden raced *Malabar X*, the Class A winner, and *Dorade* took Class B honors.

Ocean yacht racing was a sport of the wealthy and these are but a few of the connections among the builders, designers, owners, and crewmen, the legacy from which *Cinderella's* design and construction evolved. Much of this activity occurred immediately preceding or shortly after the devastating stock market crash in October, 1929 which lead to the Depression, the "dirty '30s" which impacted everyone. For the Stephens' brothers it was the beginning of a successful yacht design business with Drake Sparkman, seeded with their father's commission for *Dorade*. It was a time of contrast in the economic plight of men, but in many cases it was the construction of these vessels which kept yards functioning, and food on the table for the families of the craftsmen who built the boats. Celebrating Sparkman & Stephens' 75th anniversary, Olin recently credited his partner, brother, and father, generously adding, "It has been our friends that have made our success." It is remarkable how close all of these players were to the America's Cup races and the fascinating history of this era from which modern day racing is derived. When *Cinderella* was being designed, Olin was collaborating with Burgess on *Ranger*, and her America's Cup victory in 1937 was the first of his six Cup winners, a record he shares as a designer with Nathaniel Herreshoff.

Daydreaming aside, for the contemporary boat junky, Narragansett Bay is still one of the busiest New England venues for large commercial vessels, military craft, and fishing vessels of every size including clam raking skiffs, cruise ships, sailboats of all types, and a variety of older wooden vessels especially out of Newport, the America's Cup, Tall Ships, and Classic Yacht Regatta host. It is a dramatic, ever-changing scene framed by the bridges arching overhead, lighthouses, and Fort Adams. Living history. Vessels we saw spanned the gamut from a Block Island Cowhorn through modern competitive sailing sloops, classic yachts, cruise ships, high speed powerboats, and at the mouth of the bay, a large tug with fuel barge in tow. *Gleam*, *Ticonderoga*, and *Geronimo* elicited special admiration.

Off Wickford we motored past a Cowhorn, a regional double-ended fishing vessel adapted for recreation and unique to these waters. *Glory Anna II* was the cartoonist Paule Loring's 23' x 9' Cowhorn reproduction, an open lapstrake hull with cat-ketch rig built in Wickford by L. Howard in 1948. Donated to Mystic Seaport in 1970 (Acc. No. 1970.763) she was restored by Willits Ansel (*National Fisherman*, April 1972; M. Bray, et. al, "Mystic Seaport Watercraft" 2001). On one of the last occasions of her seasonal exhibit she sailed with a crew that learned the need to respect a lee shore. She drew strong praise from Waldo Howland, "a beautiful little ship that had been just about perfect for the Block Island fisherman who sailed the likes of her in bygone days" (*A Life In Boats*, Vol. 3, Mystic Seaport Museum, 2004). Old Block Island postcards depict a forest of poles along the beach that held the Cowhorns in improvised "slips" when fish were plentiful.

The 12-meter *Gleam* was designed by Clinton H. Crane and built by Henry B. Nevins of City Island, New York in 1937 (67'11" l.o.a., 46'11" x 12'0" x 8'10", 1930 sq. ft. of sail). Fully restored, she is one of the charter yachts operated by Bob and Elizabeth Tiedeman's Seascope America's Cup Adventures in Newport. It is a delight to read Crane's 1952 *Yachting Memories* (Van Nostrand & Co., New York) and take to heart the following quote, "To be in a boat still makes me happy. The fellowship of the sea has brought me my dearest friends. ... I hope I have been able to share with others what I have learned, and I acknowledge with humility and gratitude what I have learned from them." Crane, a friend of Olin Stephens, is credited with getting him involved in America's Cup sailing.

In *Sensible Cruising Designs*, Roger Taylor states that the clipper-bowed 72' auxiliary ketch "Big Ti," *Tioga II*, renamed *Ticonderoga* (1946), was L. Francis' favorite ketch. "One of the most famous yachts in history" and "perhaps the crowning achievement of L. Francis Herreshoff." She carried berths for a dozen and, on her original rig, 2800 sq. ft. of sail. Built in the Quincy Adams Yard, Inc. in Germantown, Quincy, Massachusetts, and launched in August 1936 (*Yachting*, September 1936), the same year as *Cinderella*, she quickly established herself as a winning yacht, making record transatlantic times in her second season of racing. Until the mid-1960s she dominated racing circuits in the Atlantic, Caribbean, and Pacific, her only break a hiatus while on submarine picket patrol for the Coast Guard during World War II. Sixty-eight years after her launch she is still sailing.

Geronimo, a U.S.C.G. certified Sailing School Vessel member of the American Sail Training Association, carries students from St. George's School in Newport. She cruises the eastern seaboard into the Bahamas and northern Caribbean tagging sharks and turtles. A handsome cutter-rigged sloop, she is a

product of the Ted Hood Design Group built in 1998 by New England Boatworks in Portsmouth, Rhode Island. She is 69'8" l.o.a. with a rig height of 85'6" and carries over 2000 sq. ft. of sail. When we sailed around her, hailing for a crewman, *Geronimo* was on her second day of the fall voyage. Her skipper, Capt. Deborah Hayes, is not unfamiliar with Mystic Seaport's sail training vessel, the Stephens' designed schooner *Brilliant*. According to Capt. George Moffett, Hayes sailed aboard *Brilliant* from Nova Scotia to Mystic in the mid-1980s and did volunteer varnish work on the boat when she was first drawn to the business of sailing. "She has a gigantic license now," added Moffett. *Geronimo* sailed south and by evening the following day she was tucked in at Noank Shipyard at the mouth of the Mystic River waiting out weather, the students investigating the Seaport and Aquarium before sailing on to Block Island. The log of the voyage, posted on the school web site, makes it easy to envy her crew.

Mystic Seaport Museum collections are an invaluable resource and much can be learned online prior to visiting and in the books cited. The Olin J. Stephens II Reading Room of the G.W. Blunt White Library, dedicated May 15, 2004, was made possible by contributions of the membership of the Cruising Club of America whose archives are housed in the same building. In the compelling Rosenfeld Collection photograph of *Dorade* on the cover of Olin's autobiography he is at the helm, accompanied by Rod, Allen Smith, his wife Eleanor Fulton Smith, and her sister Margaret Morton. Only with Eleanor's recent passing did I learn these connections. In the early '80s I raced Dyer Dhows against Al in the Seaport's weekly series and later occasionally crewed aboard his Ensign. Stretching his opportunities to race, Al was well past his physical prime and his boat lacked attention. Never pretentious, he rebuffed remarks claiming Eleanor wouldn't allow him to waste money on the

Kerry stands watch from *Cinderella's* foredeck. (Sharon Brown Photograph)





The 69' *Geronimo* anchored on the west side of Narragansett Bay. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

tired old hull. Memories of Al are cherished. The camaraderie, the spirit in which he raced, no money, no yelling, serious fun, fueled by special crew lunches prepared by Eleanor. Once, after a challenging afternoon, suffering a mortifying spinnaker set bouncing across Horseshoe Reef, our spirits were lifted at her Mason's Island mooring by the sight of Eleanor standing on the dock waiting for us after a swim. Inspiration for Al each homecoming. By example we learned about seamanship, executing it well and with style.


A friend whom I yearn to please chastised me for what she discerned was my sole focus, having asked her again if she would like to sail. "You know, Sharon, there is more to life than wooden boats!" A stinging rebuke unanswered. If that is what I project, am perceived to be guilty of so be it. I take succor from the words of John Gardner, Herman Melville, Boris Lauer-Leonardi, Jack London, or Captain Biff Bowker, all hardy, self-reliant beings heavily involved with wooden boats and none one-dimensional. And to the list now add Uffa Fox, "Sailing, and so seamanship, will endure until the end of all things, for sailing is the one thing above all others that offers peace and escape to a man [or woman] whose brain is weary and tired of the machinery which this age and

future ages force and will force upon human beings." We profit from stewards, and so with little personal means I am fortunate to recall Narragansett Bay aboard American Classics: *Brilliant* (including the Newport Classic Yacht Regatta race around Conanicut Island), *Araminta* (Warren, Rhode Island, to Mystic, June 2003), *Dorsey Dee* (afternoon in 2003), and *Cinderella*.

Kerry's *Dorsey Dee* took honors in 2004 for "Best Picnic Boat" at Mystic Seaport's Annual Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous, his second year in attendance. He hopes to inspire Will to enter *Cinderella* and accompany *Dorsey Dee* to Mystic in July 2005. The weekend after our magic fall day Will sailed *Cinderella* with young Erica. Her assessment, "Awesome!"

(submitted January 3, 2005)





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I'll get the dammit nest of opinions out of the way first shot out of the box and then I'll zero in on the subject matter. First, I'll tell you about five of my grandchildren's Christmas adventure. They went to Paris, France, for about a week. I don't know if I would do something like that, myself. I have never been much for the tourist lifestyle. It ain't just sour grapes because of the self-imposed poverty of our situation, it is just that something about making a public display of ignorance doesn't appeal to me. I think that is why my normal range is so restricted.

Of course, because of a certain very narrow (but hard-won) area of expertise, I don't feel like a fool upon any body of water so I am not strictly restricted to this actual locale. Adventure, to me, is sallying forth into the unknown and if you can stand to be in a crowd of people in a strange place and not know anything about what the hell is going on, jolly on you. Of course, children are always perfectly at home in that situation so it was jolly on them in Paris, France.

They had some grandiose plans to buy us old homebodies very elaborate regional gifts... things caviar and other exotic condiments and small foreign objects of great worth, but somehow the French have become disdainful of the all-powerful American dollar and the exchange rate was so bad that all they could afford was a can of what they (since none of them, neither children or adults, could read or speak a word of the language) took to be some kind of exotic fish for me and a Toulouse Lautrec coffee cup for Jane. The coffee cup was delightful, but during the starvation situation of the fog down at the coast, I opened my can of exotic French fish and discovered that, despite the elaborate printing on the wrapping with accents on every third letter, it was a can of regular old third world mackerel.

Of course, the fish was all dolled up with some kind of French (or Bangladeshi) sauce but, you know a damned mackerel is a damned mackerel no matter what you put on him, just like an unattractive woman with a "makeover" is still unattractive no matter how carefully she shops the clothes boutiques or what kind of expensive (French?) perfume she slathers all over herself or how many body piercings or surgical enhancements she has had done or even if she has a Harley Davidson tattoo 3' wide across the span of her ass.

I wish they had bought me a box of those wonderful little European matches. I never have understood why the gringo world has not adopted those things. You know the kind I mean... they come in a tiny box and, when you light a cigarette with one, you have to hold the match at arm's length and wait for the flames of the incendiary device to die down before you light up with the still powerful flame of the little fuel impregnated stick. If you try to light a cigarette on a motorcycle or in a boat using the initial sulphurous flare of the head of the match as is normal in a high wind situation, you'll burn all the hair out of your nostrils with one of those tiny Euro firebrands. Since I quit smoking 30 years ago I really don't have much use for a match, but I still like the idea of maintaining old skills. I can still strike a pocket-worn book match... with my toes.

Despite the fact that I don't get all that far from home much, I know a little about the other regions of the world. I even speak a little French. Of course, I picked that up down

Fog

By Robb White

around the delta of the Mississippi River and they say it ain't exactly the same language as is spoken in Paris, but I wouldn't know.

Anyway, I have read about the fogs of Maine. They say it is so thick that some people cut it up with a knife and bring it in the house and stack it to help out the humidifier during home heating oil time. I don't believe in claiming any kind of regional superiority, but we have some fog down here on the Gulf Coast that is pretty darn thick. What happens is that when the weather warms up like it has done since Christmas because of a SE flow of wind up to where the cold fronts have stopped, the cold water causes a sea fog so thick you can't see a person sitting on the front seat of a 16' skiff while you are in the stern with the motor.

Not only that, but the darn fog persists for days and days. Sometimes the sun will come out and burn the top of it off until you can look straight up and barely tell that the sky is blue but the damned fog stays just as thick as ever down on the water.

Riding in a boat in that situation is an eerie feeling as the boat passes under lumps of the fog and it gets dark and then light again when it comes to a place where the top of the fog is lower. I guess from an airplane flying above it in the clear air and bright sunshine, it looks like a lumpy gray blanket covering the surface. I wonder if sailboat masts stick up through it like spruce trees in Maine?

I don't like to drive a car in the fog. I don't know what has happened to the "knights of the road" tradition of the truck driving fraternity, but there are a lot of those people who not only can't change gears and hold the damned thing in their lane, but they have gotten rude and aggressive. The way we go home to the coast from the shop is mostly a very lightly traveled road, or at least it used to be, but there is a big lime rock mine down at the coast to the east of us and I think they are trying to haul Florida north.

I guess it takes a lot of gravel to pave all these subdivisions and stuff, but there is a continuous parade of rock haulers driving as fast as the truck will go in both directions like ants. I think they hire these drivers on the basis of cheap because none of them can drive worth a flip. At the several stop signs on the way you can get ahead of a long line of them while they grind the gears, lurch, and blow black smoke trying to get back under-way so they can put the "pedal to the metal." I guess transmission jobs are cheaper than skilled driver's salaries for the owners of those trucks.

Anyway, it is possible to stay ahead of them if you can maintain 75 or so on the southbound leg when the trucks are running empty, and it is easy to keep ahead when they are loaded on the way back because I think they run overloaded from all the rubber alligators you see along the road. You know, Florida only has truck scales on the interstates and roads that cross the Suwannee River. There are an awful lot of overloaded trucks in Florida. If Wakulla and Jefferson counties wanted a little revenue, all it would take would be a little speed trap on SR 59 and a set of portable scales like they use in

Georgia. Of course, there might be some political reason they don't do that, but I wouldn't know.

Anyway, driving amongst rock hauling yahoos is dangerous in normal weather but I believe running in the fog is suicidal. There is an article in the paper about how one of them ran two school busses off the road over in Wakulla county just before we came down. The truck driver said he couldn't see because of the fog.

Though the land fog is usually thinner than the sea fog, running in a boat is better. For one thing, the fact that you can't see at all inhibits most recreational boaters from doing much joy riding very far from the ramp, and about the only boats running are on business. Back in the maritime dope smuggling days around here, thick fog actually caused an increase in a certain kind of irresponsible boat traffic. I guess that business sort of fell off around here because you don't hear the hideous scream of quite as many outboard motors kicking slam out of the water after some unqualified criminal hit a bar anymore. What you hear are tugs and an occasional shrimp boat (which are getting mighty scarce here lately).

My method of navigating in the fog is to stay in water too shallow for tugs and shrimp boats all I can. When I have to cross the channel in fog too thick to see, I stop the boat and shut down the engine and listen carefully for a long time. Then I crank up and ease along for a little while and stop and listen again. It is uncanny how well you can hear in the fog when it is calm. There is a bell buoy three miles down the bay from us and we can hear it from the anchorage at the house. I think I can hear the murmur of a tug three miles away, too.

The thing that worries me over here are these private island ferries. They are usually pretty fast and I don't think the Coast Guard has a handle on the ubiquitous "six pack" license like they do on the 1000-ton master's ticket. What these people will do is run just like there was no fog at all... 20 knots and can't see the bow of the boat. Back in the olden days they wouldn't do that because there are so many bars around that there was a pretty good chance that they would miss-figure just a little bit and run aground, and a 40' boat firmly lodged in 20 knots worth of ditch on an oyster bar is expensive enough to teach a good lesson, but now that they have the radar and the GPS they feel more confident. They figure that anything they can't see on the radar is little enough to run over, I guess.

I, myself, like a GPS. I think they just about have them figured out. They are cheap for one thing. I had a \$300 one that went bonkers on me, but this \$89 one I have now has been running for three years despite the fact that I keep it under the seat of the boat all the time. A handheld GPS is the best small boat compass I ever saw. It is not affected by the wiggling of the boat and it doesn't care about where it is in relation to the engine and other iron stuff. Even if it didn't tell you to "steer .07 left" to get back on the course to "HOME," just having the true course shown on a little liquid crystal compass face is a valuable piece of data. One of my more hard-headed buddies over here asked, "What the hell you gonna do when it boogers up like the other one did?"

"I am going to reach in the box and get the other one," I replied.

"Yeah, but what if it is boogered up, too? What if Donald Rumsfeld decided there was a terrorist tuned in and shut the whole system down?"

"Well, dammit," I snapped, "I still got old Ritchie and that'll have to do until the Department of Homeland Security figures out how to manipulate the magnetism of the earth."

That led into some more discussion before I was able to make my getaway and the consensus was that GPS was OK in the right hands, but we didn't think it was right for any fool anywhere to be able to navigate in perfect condition with no experience and very little sense. We also agreed that if Rumsfeld shut the system down, the 911 phone lines would become constipated by jillions of cell phone calls from lost mariners... lots of them popular politicians, powerful lobbyists, and essential bureaucrats. That would be a bad political decision and, as such, unlikely to happen.

So Jane and I climbed up on the roofing job every time we thought the fog had thinned down enough so we could see the nail we were trying to drive and we got about two hours worth of work done in three days. Every now and then we could hear a boat whose captain had listened to the weather report which said, "Patchy dense fog lifting by 9:00 in the morning." I don't think TV meteorologists understand sea fog. Hell, I don't think they understand the change of seasons. "The first day of spring" in March... in north Florida? Child, please. Of course, the local Tallahassee TV weatherman is from Maine and might not know that the reason he can't see a thing when he gets out

of his air-conditioned car on the first day of spring to go into an air-conditioned TV station is because his glasses have fogged up in the 90 degree heat and 100% humidity of the morning of the vernal equinox and that condition will continue way past the "first day of fall" in September. Even if they have a little local knowledge I don't think they teach many seagoing skills in meteorology school, so sea fog escapes the system.


Anyway, people are lured to the coast when they ought to have stayed home, and since the big Excavation burned \$79 worth of gas to pull the big Bayliner and the beer all this way, they figure they better put in just to save face. After they feel their way out the river into the bay they run wide open staring at the GPS until they see that they are approaching a "way-point." Then they slow down and idle in circles for a while trying to make up their minds in which direction to haul ass again. A GPS is miraculous alright but it doesn't know everything and a lot of those people wander into a situation where "GRN 1" is on the other side of the spoil bank and hauling ass to it results in a noise audible for many miles in a dense fog.

Fog forms any time the air is cooled enough for the water vapor to condense. Sometimes it forms almost instantly when some local situation causes the dew point to be reached (like around cold river water). That's what happened to Jane and me when we were coming back to the mainland in the Rescue Minor. We had sense enough to wait until we could see about a hundred feet before we set out, but just about when it was time to go in the river (GPS batteries dead and I was lying to that guy about having a

spare, but I wouldn't lie to you), man, it thickened up so bad I couldn't even see the bow of the boat. We were idling along and, even though it was low tide, the Rescue Minor doesn't draw but 6" so I figured I could smell the mud in time when Jane said, "Head a little to the right."

"What the hell you want me to do that for, Jane? Can't you see the current from the river is stronger on the left side of the boat."

"Well," she said, "if you stand up on the seat like me you can see the day beacon."



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Jan 12-16 Atlanta Boat Show *
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Feb 17-20 Miami Boat Show *
Feb 26-27 Shallow-Water Fishing Expo, Atlanta, GA *
Mar 2-6 Southern Home Show, Charlotte, NC *
Mar 11-13 Canoecon, Madison, WI
Mar 18-20 Maine Boatbuilder's Show, Portland, ME
May 13-15 Craftshow, Farmington, CT
May 13-15 Paddlefest, Inlet, NY *
May 28-30 Woodstock Craft Show, New Paltz, NY *
Jun 18-19 Clearwater Festival, Croton-on-Hudson, NY *
Jun 18-19 No-Octane Regatta, Blue Mountain Lake, NY *
July 16-17 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT *
July 22-24 Craftshow, Okemo, NY
July 29-31 Craftshow, Stowe, VT
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg VT *
Aug 5-7 Craftshow, Manchester, VT *
Aug 12-14 Craftshow, Lake Placid, NY *
Aug 12-14 Maine Boats & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME *
Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY *
Sep 2-4 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY *
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival WA
Sep 22-4 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk, CT

(Just to be safe, call or e-mail to confirm show dates.) **14-ft Vermont Fishing Dory**



Well folks, he's done it again. For years, Steve Kaulback, President and founder of our company, has had a boat inside him, trying to come out. The seaworthiness, the weight, the speed and grace of our Adirondack Guideboat is well known.

The only quality they lack is bolt-upright stability. Fly-fishermen keep asking for a boat in which they can stand.



Steve began with our 12-ft Vermont Packboat, took its hard-chines, elliptical, flat bottom, stretched it to 14-ft, made it wider and deeper. If you go to our website you can see better photos of it.

The boat is fast, stable, easy to row and seaworthy. It's a Kevlar/glass composite with polyester resin, 43" wide at the gunwales, weighs 65-lbs and will carry 700 lbs. We think this boat is going to be a wonderful addition to our fleet. As always, the best way to select a boat is on the water. The shows where we will have our demo boats with us have an *.

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

Last May, my two sons offered to give me a GPS for my 65th birthday and retirement. A big thanks! But I am sorry to say I turned it down and instead accepted a compact, deck-mounted, high-tech lensatic passive radar reflector. On the one hand I was touched by their concern for my safety on my solo canoe travels along the Atlantic coast, while at the same time noticing their attempt to update the old guy and propel him into the 21st century. On the other hand I was somewhat apprehensive about the newfangled thing and a bit leery about all I would have to learn to make this little waterproof gadget work for me.

I found out that I would have to buy a lot of software for it, for each area between \$100 and \$200. (I thought my charts were expensive at \$20 a shot! My canoe trips usually cover hundreds of miles across many different areas.) The experts at West Marine then pointed out that I unfortunately could not program the new Garmin with my iMac (Apple) computer and that I would need a charger and plug in my GPS regularly or bring along a lot of AA batteries. I had to laugh picturing myself looking for a plug-in on one of those remote islands I normally go to on my two to three week trips.

I must say, though, that I was impressed with all the features but the screen was distinctly too small for a guy wearing reading glasses. I would have to mount it just outside my cockpit rim where I would have a hard time seeing and reaching it. I have pointed out before that one should not plan on using a hand-held compass, or now a GPS, on an always moving and surging ocean. They have to be mounted; you need your hands for the paddle. And what about the glare of the sun? It would make the screen impossible to read, at least some of the time. And did I really want to be told at all times how fast I was going, etc., etc.? It suddenly reminded me of being in a race or in my terribly connected office, both of which I wanted to escape from.

But it wasn't really all that which made me turn down the kind offer. I am good in figuring things out, I love my iMac, I surf the web for all kinds of info, send e-mails all over the place, use a satellite phone on my longer trips (for brief outgoing calls only!) and love my high-tech Kevlar and carbon fiber boats and paddle. No, I am not a stick-in-the-mud and do not mind changing my old ways. I also do not scare easily, and definitely I was simply afraid a GPS would change not just my way of navigation but my entire way of life on the water, my attitude.

Accepting a GPS into my boating life would be much more than getting an air horn instead of a whistle, a hand pump instead of a bailer. Whether I was navigating in the thick-o'-fog around Nova Scotia, ticking off one point after the other with my NOAA charts, compass, and stopwatch mounted in front of me, or making out a specific island or passage in a bay, like Mahone Bay or the Bay of Islands, it has always been a thrill for me to figure out where I was and to get to my destination. Finding out that I had even compensated correctly for wind drift and tide set and that I was even right on time has always been extremely elating. I often burst out in a loud "Yes!", encouraging myself to go on to meet the next challenge.

NOAA charts are like literature for me. I read and study them very carefully before my trip even starts, and review each stretch

In Defense of Dead Reckoning for Small Boaters

By Reinhard Zollitsch
reinhard@maine.edu



Charts, compass, and stopwatch set up for dead reckoning in my open canoe through Florida's Everglades.

for the following day. I take note of the shoreline for wind protection and for possible take-outs and am aware of all ledge outcroppings where the tide could break or develop a rip. If necessary, I even memorize a good stretch if the tide forces me to be on the water before sunrise. Is that ever exciting, being out on the ocean at 4am Atlantic time, as well as immensely rewarding, hitting all way points as planned, in the semi-dark, and all from memory!

I am in no way downplaying the immense progress GPS has made in easing navigation. Skippers can now know at all times where they are precisely, down to a couple of feet. They can see their speed, their drift, their entire course. I am duly impressed, don't get me wrong. But for me in my little solo hand-propelled boat it was never important to be told where I was, because I knew that already. I was never lost, not along the foggy Fundy shore nor in the Nightmare or the Shark River Delta in the Everglades. My point has always been never to allow myself to get lost, at least not completely.

Each point, island, or bight ahead is like a quest or challenge for me, both mentally as well as physically. Traveling from point A to point B on the map is not nearly as important as how I get there, how I figure out the puzzle. Using the age-old art of dead reckoning, navigating with chart, compass, and watch, is an art I hate to see lost. It is my mental challenge and is equally as important as the physical challenge of being out there on the ocean all alone in a 17' sea canoe.

If we lose the art of dead reckoning, I am afraid we lose more than "an outdated

navigation system," we lose an attitude, the skill of taking in and evaluating all the information given by the surroundings, plus some basic time-distance calculations. Being able to pinpoint where you are is nice, but simply not enough. Dead reckoning for me is a complex learning process, taking in and evaluating all the information given on the chart, the Coast Pilot, and in nature, rather than just looking at a tiny dot on a mini screen.

Just knowing where you are is like a kayaker saying that he has learned the eskimo roll in last winter's pool session. Having to execute it successfully on the cold Atlantic, in wind and waves with a laden boat, unassisted, is a completely different story. Being skilled enough to stay up, or even better, avoiding getting into situations where you would have to rely on your roll, is even better.

I in my sea canoe (which, by the way, cannot be rolled completely around because of the large cockpit design) have to make sure not to make a mistake and flip. I am therefore oh-so-alert and quick as well as practiced to prevent such a situation, or at least recover quickly from an almost-dump.

The same is true with getting lost. I don't get lost because I cannot afford to. It is an attitude of mine now. Some small boaters with GPS, on the other hand, don't seem too concerned about that because they can get an instant fix at any time, so they think, why worry? But when their batteries run low or the whole thing acts up, and I have seen that happen more than once, they are in serious trouble unless they have also kept track of their course on a paper chart.

On the other hand, I have seen sea kayakers so mesmerized by their new gizmo that they forget to appreciate where they are and why they are out there. They remind me of compulsive readers at a foreign movie who feel they have to read every last subtitle instead of watching the real thing, the movie. When I go boating, I am not out for a "virtual paddle," but the real thing with all its trimmings, challenges, and hardships, but also rewards.

A paper chart in a tied-down waterproof case along with a good deck-mounted compass will never fail you, and working out your fixes on your own is as gratifying as working out a math problem all by yourself rather than copying the correct answer from friend and fudging the rest.

For small boaters, dead reckoning should be the main navigational system, with GPS as an optional backup. In commercial navigation it is definitely the other way around. Nobody would argue against that. Small boaters, I feel, should not want to miss the intellectual stimulus and challenge of figuring out all the different factors that go into the equation. It keeps me curious and sharp. I guess I have always hated to be given answers, but would much rather arrive at them in my own way. I have always wanted to know what is in an answer; i.e., study and understand the forces and variables that go into it.

So far I have done quite well at that and am looking forward to future challenges, like closing the last 460 mile gap between Boston and Lake Champlain this summer. That would finally complete my circumnavigation of New England and the Maritimes which I started on Lake Champlain in 1999 (see "Rounding the Gaspé" in the May 2000 issues). I'll keep you posted, if you like.



I was telling a story some time ago when a child asked me, "Is that when Coke cost a nickel?" Cute kid.

Yes, I remember when a Coke cost a nickel. It was during the time when my grandfather worked summers at the nearby public beach called Babb's Beach. The beach was on the Congamond Lakes in the notch along the state line between Connecticut and Massachusetts. I would go visit with my grandfather every day during the summer. After it rained, I would bail out the 25 or so rowboats and dozen or so outboard skiffs, then my grandfather would buy me a Coke... for a nickel.

I was fortunate enough to live year-round on the lake in what they called a "winterized" cottage. Picture, if you will, a summer vacation cottage with some storm windows, skirting around the house, a furnace in a hole in the floor, and a stove that also heated the kitchen. Since I lived there year-round, I had the newspaper route for the neighborhood, 75 customers in the summer, five in the winter.

When I was nine my dad's cousin gave me my first engine, a 1947 Elgin 2hp outboard motor. I remember removing the carburetor, taking it apart, and seeing all kinds of white yucky stuff. I cleaned it in the kitchen sink! Despite my best rope-pulling techniques, however, the motor would not start. After much trial and error I found that the elbow from the fuel line to the carburetor was blocked. After the elbow and line were cleaned, I was motor boating! What a huge step up from rowing those big cross-planked rental rowboats from Babb's. Now I could travel to the ends of the lakes.

The most vivid memory of the Elgin was one late summer day. There had been a major hurricane in 1955. When the next big hurricane came a couple years later we wanted to experience a storm first hand. We waited until the eye of the storm was upon us, then we put the Elgin on one of the rental rowboats. We ventured to the end of the lake, put up our makeshift sails, and then the wind started howling! I had never seen those rowboats plane! We reached the other end of the lake in no time and crashed onto the beach. Since our makeshift sails were only downwind tarps, we had to use the motor to get back home. The poor Elgin was getting splashed by the now 2' waves and was having a tough go of it. We thought we'd never

Back When Coke was a Nickel

By Henry Champagney

see another nickel Coke. But finally we arrived safely back at the dock.

The next summer, (I believe I was 10), Mr. Babb, the owner of the beach, bought an 8' pram for the lifeguards to row to watch the swimmers. The boat was a mistake though, it was too small and the hull speed was too slow. Mr. Babb hired me to ride around in one of his outboard skiffs during the weekends to help any of his rental boaters whose boats had broken down. The 5hp Chris Craft Challengers that Mr. Babb owned seemed to shear pins quite often. Imagine, some guy taking his girlfriend for a motorboat ride and shearing a pin while going under the causeway to the other lake. Along comes some 10-year old, lifts up the motor, changes the shear pin, and sends the couple on their way. I bet that impressed the girlfriend! With the money from that job and my paper route I was able to arrange financing of \$15 down and \$5 a week to purchase the pram for \$51, exactly what Mr. Babb had originally paid for it.

The Elgin was not a good motor for the pram, however. It ran well, but with me in the back it was stern heavy and squatted something terrible. My dad had an old 5hp Elto Sportster, around a 1950 model. This was one of the private branded Galesburg, Illinois, built OMC motors and was identical mechanically to the Goodyear Sea-Bee, Montgomery Ward's Sea-King, Gale Buccaneer, Atlas Royal, and Spiegel Brooklure of that time. This would plane the pram with me seated in the middle. I didn't know about greasing lower units back then, and soon the lower unit gears removed themselves to the bottom of the lake. Fortunately Mr. Babb was replacing the Chris Craft Challengers with Mercury Mark 6 motors. He was under the impression that since the motors didn't have shear pins there would be fewer breakdowns over the sandbars and under the causeways. I bought one of the 5hp Challengers and it ran great on the pram. And it only got better...

At about that same time a guy several years ahead of me in school was selling his "racing boat," a King Kraft "A" runabout. He was 16 and working on a car to drive. The \$35 I paid for the boat probably went right into the '48 Ford Tudor sedan that he was trying to resurrect. The 5hp Chris Craft Challenger liked the King Kraft "A," which was made along with hundreds of other King Kraft plywood boats in nearby Agawam, Massachusetts.

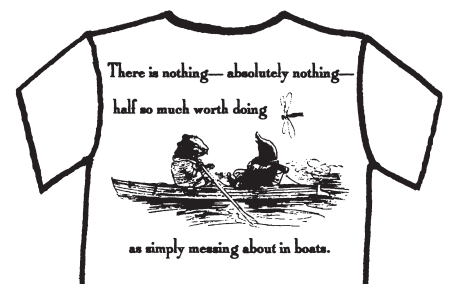
The standard prop on the Chris Craft was not right for the little 100lb. boat, however, as it seemed to go as fast with one, two, three, or even four kids on board. Imagine a 10' boat weighing 100lbs. with four kids on board and not a life preserver in sight! The big, low-pitched prop was ultimately the demise of the motor as the high revving caused a piston rod to break. I remember getting another rod and getting the motor running again, but by this time I had moved on and purchased a 15hp Evinrude Fastwin

Which finally brings me to the picture that was printed in the *Springfield Republican* in their rotogravure section, a



brown-inked photo section of the newspaper back when Coke cost a nickel. Okay, so I am old! Anyway, the picture's caption read, "Here is summer vacationer Henry Champagney doing a little repair before an afternoon spin. That motor looks complicated, but don't worry he's a good mechanic!" The photographer wanted me to use a tool for the picture, so I took a screwdriver and was looking for a screw to turn. He said, "Just put it any place, no one will know if you're turning a screw or not." I learned a lesson that day. Don't always believe what you read, or see, in the newspapers.

Fast forward to 40 years later and the picture of my present boat. I found it in nearby East Tennessee while looking for an old Mercury outboard motor. East Tennessee was a big area for outboard racing in the 1950s. The previous owner had sold the old "green tank" Mercury but still had the "barn fresh" 1958 Swift "B" runabout built by Joe Swift in Mt. Dora, Florida. I was riding around in this boat at the big antique boat meet in Mt. Dora in March '03. Kind of a homecoming for the boat. Oh, and the Chris Craft Challengers... I have five, as well as a bunch of other old antique outboards now... when Coke costs 20 nickels!



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The International Scene

An English P&I Club claimed that extra work, such as security watches and patrolling, generated by compliance with new regulations is causing more injuries, often when engineering and catering personnel have to help out on deck.

The master of the *Prestige* was allowed home for Christmas. He has been under arrest in Spain ever since its oil arrived on Spanish and French beaches. A Bahamas Maritime Authority report found that the master had not been "obstructive." It also found no firm evidence of the initial structural failure that led to the sinking and placed most of the sinking's blame on Spain.

Although China has signaled that it will slow growth because its rail and road systems cannot handle the traffic, ship prices are at abnormal levels. Torm sold two elderly 84,000dwt tankers for about \$25 million each. Capesize rates went past \$100,000 per day and may challenge traditional highs. VLCC tankers are earning \$220,000-\$230,000/day above a typical \$26,000/day in expenses. (The record charter price, set in 1973, was \$400,000/day.)

U.S. West Coast and European port congestion is increasing as shipping grows faster than expected. Two major shipping firms scolded the ports, urging them to hire more workers and invest in new equipment.

Bad weather, including snow and high winds, plus shorter daylight hours mean that traffic through the Turkish Straits has slowed to the wintertime tempo. The Dardenelles and the Bosphorus Straits are the only outlet for oil from the Black Sea. In winter, some tankers may incur delays of up to 15 days on a round-trip voyage. Oil companies thus must pay demurrage of \$60,000 a day on top of the sky high freight rates missed during the delays. Shipping oil in tankers smaller than 200 metres is one "cure" since they do not incur the same daylight-only restrictions as longer tankers.

Hard Knocks and Skinny Places

The Korean ship *Marine Osaka* dragged anchor in high winds and ran onto the breakwater at Ishikari New Port in Japan. Seven of the crew of 16 died and as much as 180 tonnes of oil may have spilled.

A large Russian fishing boat caught fire off South Korea and 71 of 73 crewmen were rescued. The small Greek freighter *Avantis III*, with a cargo of ceramic roofing tiles, hit a well-marked reef off Greece and the ship's cook was not rescued. The Syrian-flagged *Aradosh* became a hit-and-run cargo ship when it ran aground on the Asian side of the Bosphorus, damaging the gardens and swimming pools of two residences in Istanbul.

The Indonesian fishing boat *Taruna Jaya*, overcrowded with 91 wedding party guests, capsized when everyone moved to one side to admire a passing boat and seven died.

In Sweden, during a heavy storm with heavy snow, the Norwegian tug *Nestor* ran aground and capsized off Gotland. One crewman was trapped in a toilet and drowned. Later the same day a Bahamian-flagged ship ran aground nearby and started leaking oil.

In the Bering Sea the engine of the soybean-loaded Singapore bulker *Selendang Ayu* broke down and the vessel threatened to drift onto Bogoslof Island. A tug got a line on the bulker but it snapped in bad weather conditions and the ship went ashore on Unalaska

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Island after both anchors failed to hold. One of two Coast Guard helicopters crashed while taking off crew members and six went missing.

The Indian-owned *Sher Hind* struck the wreckage of a ship sunk ten years ago in the Gulf of Aden and sank; nine of 19 crewmen swam to safety.

In bad weather at Algiers the *Bechar* ran aground and then sank close to the jetty at Kheireddine and 16 lost their lives while the bulker *Batna* and container ship *Wanda A* went aground with only one fatality. The Algerians promptly responded with series of administrative and technical investigations.

In the Brazilian port of Paranagua, the Chilean-flagged tanker *Vicuna* exploded twice and then burned while unloading 11 million litres of methanol. The vessel broke in half, four people were killed, and a massive methanol oil slick stretched for miles.

The single-bottomed but double-sided Greek-owned tanker *Athos I* was being piloted into a berth at a CITGO refinery on the Delaware River when the master of an assisting tugboat noticed leaking oil and the ship listed 8°. The ship had hit an object on the river's bottom and two holes were gushing oil. Some 30,000 gallons soiled 81 miles of shoreline. The mystery object was first believed to be an 18' bronze propeller lost by a Corps of Engineers dredge last year, although repeated side-scan sonar searches failed to find it or anything else that could have damaged the *Athos I*. Eventually, a 15' curved cast iron pipe about 3'-4' in diameter was found 700' away from the CITGO dock and paint on the pipe matched paint on the tanker. Two weeks after the incident the Coast Guard were still maintaining restrictions on river traffic. A nuclear power station shut down two reactors as tar balls threatened their cooling water and they may have to stay shut down. The tanker's owner will pay for the clean-up but look for several lawsuits against the U.S. government.

The Grey Fleets

Haliburton subsidiary Kellogg Brown & Root was awarded the physical integration contract to oversee the £4 billion construction of two aircraft carriers for the Royal Navy, beating out the U.K.'s AMEC and California-based Bechtel. Many Brits are not happy with the decision. And the creation of a European super-giant by merging EADS and Thales is being encouraged by French officials but resisted by U.K. ministers. They say that government contracts will be redrawn if EADS becomes involved. Thales and BAE Systems share the contract for designing and building the British aircraft carriers.

The £2 billion program for building of six or eight Type 45 destroyers for the Royal Navy is behind schedule as prime contractor BAE Naval Systems and VT Shipbuilding argue over how to share the work. The MoD says the delay was due to a "longer-than-expected design phase."

Last July's announcement of reductions in the U.K.'s defense forces mean the Royal Navy will lose 12 ships and that means the Senior Service must shuck two of six permanent commitments to provide warships to

alliances such as NATO. In similar fashion, the U.S. Navy will probably be reduced in size to somewhere between 250 and 330 ships. Submarines might be built at the rate of one a year and could be expected to have a life as long as 50 years.

The former Oberon-class submarine *HMS Oracle* sank off Gibraltar while being towed to Turkey for scrapping.

During a two-nation exercise, the Brazilian frigate *Rademaker* was struck by gunfire from an Argentine warship. Four Brazilian sailors and an Argentinean officer were wounded, none seriously.

At Portsmouth in the U.K., a crane lifting a cherry picker onto the deck of the aircraft carrier *HMS Invincible* toppled, injuring several sailors and trapping the crane operator for some 90 minutes.

A submarine from a western country entered three miles into Israeli waters, evading missile boats sent to intercept it. The incident occurred three days after the Lebanese guerrilla group Hizbollah sent an unmanned spy plane over the city of Nahariya; there is probably no connection between the two events.

A Chinese Han-class nuclear submarine was tracked by the Japanese Maritime Self-Defense Force as it invaded Japanese waters after being tracked by U.S. Navy aircraft off Guam.

And Guam-based B-52 bomber used smart bombs to sink the old Newport-class tank landing ship *USS Schenectady*. The exercise was "to demonstrate the bomber's ability to hit a moving target with a JDAM (joint direct attack munition)." As in Gen. Billy Mitchell's similar tests back in the '20s, the target did not fire back.

A New Zealander who has served in the Royal Navy for 17 years, lately in a "sensitive" submarine job, is leaving the Navy rather than become a British citizen as part of a security "loyalty test." He is one of 8,000 Commonwealth troops undergoing the review.

Cruise Fleets

Sailing of the often-plagued *Pacific Sky* from Brisbane was delayed more than 15 hours after jellyfish clogged a cooling water intake for the cruise ship's engines.

Royal Caribbean Cruise Ltd. says it will no longer have its cruise ships built in Europe due to the strong euro, unless they operate in the European market with income in euros. RCCL says builders must transfer their technology outside the euro area.

Captain Jacques Cousteau's *Calypso* was sold for a symbolic one euro to cruise ship operator Carnival Corporation, which will give the famed wooden vessel, formerly a U.S. Navy minesweeper, a 1.3 million euro refit and exhibit it in the Bahamas. Cousteau, co-inventor of the aqualung, was famous for his films depicting nautical environments and their flora and fauna.

Ferries

In New York City, NY Waterways, the area's biggest private ferry service, has been telling everyone who will listen that it is going under. Employees have been told they will be laid off soon and the company has prepared both voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy plans. Numerous proposals to save the company or take over some of its routes have sprouted like dandelions.

In upstate New York, frantic efforts to

revive the new fast ferry service between Rochester and Toronto seemed to have failed as major creditors asked a judge to expedite an auction since the big catamaran *Spirit of Ontario* is a "wasting asset" that has not been fully winterized. But two businessmen may decide that a Hovercraft ferry could replace the *Spirit* and provide even faster service.

The Chinese ferry *Liaohai* caught fire and all 238 passengers and 49 crewmen were saved but not 78 cars.

A Bangladesh ferry was rated for 30 tons but took aboard two trucks, a pickup van, and an intercity bus with eight passengers. All went well until the ferry hit the landing near the Charkawa ghat where the ferry hit the pontoon and capsized. Six were reported as missing.

The skipper of the Japanese ferry *Kano Maru No. 2* was held for negligence after the ferry capsized off Kagoshima Prefecture, killing all five passengers.

In Iraq, an overcrowded barge overturned on a rain swollen Tigris near the Turkish border and many people, mostly Kurds returning from living abroad, drowned.

Competition from low cost airlines killed the Isles of Man Steam Packet Co.'s fast ferry service between Liverpool and Dublin.

And the Color Line's new 75,000gt ferry *Color Fantasy*, described as "the world's largest cruise ship with car decks," will carry 2,750 passengers (and their vehicles, one assumes) between Oslo and Kiel. The ship also has "the longest shopping mall ever seen on any ship."

Environmental Impacts

Off China, two container ships collided and one dumped 450 tonnes of fuel oil, making it China's worst spill in the last five years.

Off Savannah, the ro-ro *Fortune Epoch* sprung a leak in a diesel fuel tank and laid a six-mile streak of light oil.

In the Falklands, the Panamanian tanker *Centaurus*, with 2000 tonnes of oil, went aground in Stanley Harbour but was freed without polluting after repeated hard pulling efforts by the inter-island cargo vessel *Tamar FI* and four launches.

The Terra Nova platform off Newfoundland may have spilled as much as 170,000 litres of crude oil when equipment malfunctioned.

Oil spilled from the tanker *Tasman Spirit* in Karachi had a massive impact on the environment, contaminating about 2,000 sq. km. of land and affecting 300,000 people. Pakistani officials claimed it was "the largest exposure to humans of toxic hydrocarbons in any oil spill in history." Pakistan is reported by local media as seeking \$1 billion from Greece as "a reasonable level of compensation for polluting Pakistani waters," although there is much evidence that some of its authorities and personnel were largely responsible for the tanker's grounding.

Removal of 13,600 tonnes of oil from the sunken tanker *Prestige* cost about \$130 million. Some 2,000 tonnes remain at the 4,000-metre depth but are expected to be neutralized by bacterial action. So the score seems to be 13,600 tonnes removed, 2,000 tonnes in situ, plus 64,000 tonnes said to be on the beaches of Spain and France, all of which adds up to more than the 77,000 tonnes the tanker was reported as carrying.

As the King of Siam said to the English school marm, "a puzzlement!"

In March the Italian tanker *Panarea Primo* was caught leaving an oil trail in the Mediterranean. It was sunflower oil, some 22 tonnes of it, from tank cleaning. The prosecutor asked for a \$91,000 fine.

In May the Italian tanker *Nando* was caught leaving an oil trail in the Mediterranean. Here the owners believe a French court would drop charges since the tanker "was cleaning its tanks of the remains of sunflower oil carried on the previous trip" and such oil "can be confused with oil." The customs officer who took the incriminating photos admitted that he had never seen sunflower oil.

The Royal Navy allowed that its new Sonar 2087 low frequency sonar system "has the potential to be harmful to marine mammals" but will not use the sonar in areas known to be common habitats for sea mammals and divers. Test had shown that the hearing of sea mammals such as whales would be damaged if they remained within 500 metres of a ship for a period of 30 minutes while the sonar was being used.

Piracy and Terrorism

In Bangladesh, the port of Chittagong and vicinity is a piracy hot spot with 102 incidents in the outer anchorage in the last 21 months, but little has been done to suppress activity. In one incident 14 fishermen were forced into the fishing vessel's ice compartment to die while pirates took off with fishing equipment and fish. In another incident, over 100 pirates swarmed over the North Korean ship *Amazon*.

Multi-national patrols of Indonesian waters and the Malacca Straits failed to curb piracy there. On one week six of seven international piracy incidents were reported there but the actual number may be far higher.

Dutch towage and salvage giant Smit International will be putting armed guards on its vessels in some areas as pirate attacks increase.

Philippine authorities plan to conduct DNA analysis of skeletal remains, figuring they might belong to three hostages abducted last April from an East Ocean tugboat.

Metal-Working

French aeronautical engineers have a concept for high-speed vessels that would use a combination of ground effect and air-cushioning. A vessel, say a ro-pax, supply ship, or container feeder ships, would use comparatively low powered conventional engines for speeds up to 50 knots with high stability, good sea keeping, and full amphibious capability over land or ice.

Spanish shipyard Izar, largely owned by the government, fought on for existence. Workers demanded job preservation while the European Union demanded that illegal subsidies be returned. An order for a big LNG carrier temporarily soothed matters.

Ship scrapings are at half the rate of a year ago because today's high charter rates mean operators are keeping old ships going. But the ill-fated Filipino *Superferry 14* will be scrapped in Bangladesh and probably fetched about \$350 ldt. Set on fire by a terrorist's explosives, the resulting fire on this ferry killed 131 passengers last February. Most prices were in the same general range although old tankers are getting better prices, with the *Vitoria* sold to Bangladesh scrappers

for \$434 per ldt. The former Soviet aircraft carrier *Minsk*, lately an attraction at a Shenzhen theme park in China, may be scrapped because the theme park went bust.

A U.K. House of Commons Select Committee report damned ship scrapping in the Far East and called for the development of vessel demolition in the U.K. Often-frustrated British scrapper Able UK felt vindicated.

After unsuccessful attempts to remove the container ship *BBC China* which ran aground in South Africa recently, it underwent "reduction" when salvors cut and topped its accommodations after stripping out their contents and opened fuel tanks to the sea for flushing. Most pollutants had previously been removed and the ship will be allowed to rust away.

Odd Bits

The Houston Ship Channel, one of the United State's busiest waterways, is 90 years old.

The Panama Canal is changing its pricing policies by charging for most containers. Prices will start at \$42 per TEU. And AP Moller Maersk, the world's largest container shipping firm, moved its regional headquarters from New Jersey to Panama City because the area may become a super-container port and distribution center like Singapore, or the Canal may be widened to handle super-wide container ships. The Canal earned a record \$1 billion in revenues last year and had a record low of ten accidents during 14,035 transits.

In Africa, the Suez Canal was blocked twice in a row. The container ship *NYK Sirius* grounded just as the *Tropic Brilliance* was re-floated. The second grounding had less impact on traffic.

The Teamsters Union is upset that Salvadoran officials seem to be doing little to solve the murder of a union representative sent to Usulután to organize port drivers. And Russian Far East prosecutors are investigating what's behind the murder of the owner and head of a company operating the Russian ship *West*. She was shot and killed in her home in Nakhodka. Local media report that seafarer work contracts and insurance records were destroyed. The *West* disappeared with its crew of 27 in November as it was enroute to Japan with timber. The Greek tanker *Arosa*, which sank near the *West* during the same storm with loss of six lives, may also be involved somehow. Car smuggling into Russia is suspected as a factor.

Headshakers

A U.S. lawyer speaking at the recent Criminalization of the Seafarer conference discussed efforts by the U.S. Coast Guard to set up obstruction-of-justice charges. But, he pointed out that if an engineer was to log that he had illegally bypassed an oil separator, "There is no jurisdiction in the U.S. Absolutely not!"

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PRICE REDUCTION

Admit it. We have all been there. The classified advertisement reads: "14' boat. Needs work. Free." Like lemmings headed for the cliff we make the call, and the next thing you know we are driving to hell and gone to look at some derelict and likely as not end up driving home with it in tow. For those who fit this profile, here are some factors to consider when faced with the prospect of accepting a free (or almost free) boat.

First some illustrative examples. When I was a lad of 16, newly smitten with the boating bug, I was offered a sad, wood, Star class sloop for free or close to it. It was hogged (i.e., the bow and stern had sagged below horizontal) and one could read a newspaper through the gaps in the cedar planking. The trailer was rusted and not roadworthy and the spars were broken and good only for high class, Sitka spruce kindling. A few bronze fittings were salvageable and the cast iron bulb keel, rusted and pitted as it was, might have been restorable or worth something as scrap iron. In the end, my boat repair buddy and I turned it down as beyond repair and more of a financial liability than asset (although we toyed with the idea of burning it and salvaging the hundreds of bronze screws that held the cedar planking to the hardwood frames.) In retrospect, not accepting this free boat was a sound decision.

Much later, in the mid-1980s, I was vacationing at a summer camp on Upper Saranac Lake in the New York State Adirondacks and came across an aging Laser hull in a barn. Checking with the camp manager I found that the boat had been kept at a yacht club down on Long Island Sound and somebody had stolen the spars, sail, rudder/tiller, and dagger board, leaving only the bare hull behind. The owner had donated the bare hull to the camp where it had sat for several years and was about to be hauled off to the local landfill. The hull was in pretty good shape and I ended up buying it for \$75, close to the "free boat" subject of this article.

Over the next year I was able to scrounge up a beautiful (and free) wood dagger board from a Laser racer who had upgraded to a new plastic board, and I got a spare mast and boom from a nearby college in return for doing some fiberglass repairs to one of the Lasers in their small fleet. I then found a used but serviceable sail for \$45 at a local marine store and went to my Nautical Junque box for fittings and running rigging. However, a used rudder/tiller assembly was not to be found at any price and I ended up having to buy the assembly new for about \$200. That said, I ended up with a very nice Laser for about \$320 that I sailed and raced for several years and eventually resold for \$900. The hassle factor of having to find the missing gear notwithstanding, this turned out to be a pretty good deal.

Another acquaintance offered me a damaged 1979 Sunfish with a complete rig for \$100, again nearly free given that a new Sunfish costs over \$3,000 these days. The hull had some significant damage but the sail and spars were in fine shape, the dagger board needed refinishing, and it came with not one but two complete rudder/tiller assemblies, a real bonus. I ended up making the repairs to the hull and reselling the boat for \$600. I kept the other rudder/tiller assembly (street value about \$150) and used it in another Sunfish restoration project. This was a good project, but from a strictly financial standpoint I would have been better off trash-

On the Dubious Merits of Accepting Free Boats

By Alan Glos

ing the hull and "parting out" (i.e., selling the gear and fittings for used parts), but there is something satisfying about restoring a badly damaged boat and getting it back on the water again.

For several years I admired a 1960s vintage wooden Flying Dutchman sailboat sitting on a trailer in a field near a summer cottage. It was probably a magnificent boat in its day, but the hull was badly damaged and the gear was outdated. Still, the trailer looked serviceable and when the cottage sold I approached the former owner who was happy to take \$85 for the package. I did resell the trailer almost immediately for about what I had paid for the whole package, but the remaining gear (aluminum Proctor spars, centerboard, rigging, and fittings) were too old and obsolete for current FD sailors. The gear sat in my barn for the better part of three years before I finally found a guy who bought the gear for a FD restoration project he was undertaking. The hull rotted away outside in the barnyard and will eventually get a decent Viking funeral when I get around to it. All in all, this was not my best free boat transaction.

More recently an acquaintance of mine came into possession of a 1960 vintage fiberglass Penguin class catboat and an oversized trailer. He sailed the boat a few times but it always seemed to capsize and he had great difficulty righting the boat and sailing it home. It ended up on his front lawn with a sign saying "\$100 or best offer." Weeks later, a new "Free" sign was up as a result of his wife wanting this boat off their lawn and out of their lives. This time I did accept it and drove it five miles home with the trailer wheel bearings making distressing noises.

The boat itself was in pretty sorry shape. The foam had absorbed water and the hull must have weighed 400 lbs, (hence the capsize problems), but the spruce spars, center board, rudder/tiller, and sail were in fair to good shape. I decided to part out the boat and a few internet clicks later I found a gentleman in Michigan who offered me \$200 for the spars, rudder/tiller, centerboard, and sail. I found somebody who was driving that way and got the equipment car top delivered and the buyer even chipped in for gas money.

As for the hull, I removed and trashed the waterlogged foam, advertised the bare hull and sold it "as is" for \$35 to a guy who wanted a dinghy to row out to his moored sailboat in nearby Oneida Lake (New York). He ended up installing some oar locks, a seat, and a few blocks of new foam flotation and was happy with the purchase. As for the trailer, I removed the rotted bunks, bolted on some 3/8" pressure treated plywood decking, replaced the rusted bearings with some other used (but serviceable) bearings from my Nautical Junque box, and ended up with a very serviceable flatbed trailer that I have used almost weekly since. All in all, this turned out to be a very good transaction and good example of positive nautical recycling. Restoring the boat would have been a major

undertaking and, given that the Penguin class is not active in my geographic area, I would have had a hard time reselling it.

Next, as a hobby I buy, repair, and resell small sailboats and about a year ago I saw a badly damaged Sunfish hull at an automotive salvage yard. I checked with the owner and he ended up giving the boat to me. I salvaged it for parts and ended up with a few blocks, cleats, a mainsheet hook, aluminum trim, a bow handle, a nice fiberglass splash rail, and a few other odds and ends. The hull itself was damaged way beyond repair, and if I carted it intact to the local solid waste facility they would have charged me \$50 or more to dispose of it. On the other hand, I knew that while my trash collection service would not take a full sized hull, it would take about anything that fit in my trash cans.

I borrowed a friend's Sawsall reciprocating saw and, in a move reminiscent of the gruesome wood chipper scene in the movie *Fargo*, I sawed the hull up into small pieces and fit the entire fiberglass hull into two 30-gallon trash cans which the trash service took without a whimper. It did take me about two hours of work to reduce the Sunfish carcass to small pieces, but in the process I learned a little about the insides of a Sunfish hull. In retrospect it might have been better to pass on this one, but several of the parts and fittings salvaged off this derelict did go to good use in other Sunfish repair projects.

My most recent free boat escapade involved two free Sunfish hulls that a friend spotted at the local landfill. I was out of town at the time but my 17-year-old son took the call from my friend, knew I would want them, and tore off to the landfill and trailered them home. Again, a few clicks on the Sunfish website and I had a buyer from Maine who gladly paid me \$100 for both hulls, sight unseen. Seems that he had a full rig (sail, spars, ruder/tiller, etc.) but his old hull was damaged beyond repair. He drove all the way from southern Maine to central New York. We loaded one hull on the top of his aging Ford station wagon and put the other one in the rear storage area/folded down back seat. He drove off happy as the proverbial clam at high tide and I was \$100 richer for the experience (and yes, I did share the booty with my son). Had the guy from Maine not bought the hulls from me right away, I would have been stuck with the aforementioned disposal or a long term storage problem.

So what makes a good "free boat" deal and what does not? Here are some factors to consider:

First, what is your purpose in accepting a free boat? Do you intend to repair it and use it yourself or resell it, or are you just looking for parts that you can use in other projects? If you do plan to make the repairs necessary do you have the time, interest, skills, tools, money, and a suitable workspace to convert a derelict into a seaworthy vessel? If not, you may get stuck with a boat that will ultimately become a liability rather than an asset. Accepting a free boat because "it seemed like a good idea at the time" is usually not a good decision. Don't let emotion override reason.

Second, is the boat salvageable? I love working with wood but a 40-year-old wood boat with rotted keel, frames, and planking may not be fixable and will eventually need to be disposed of at my expense, and with landfill costs soaring, disposing of a hull

could end up costing me a lot of money. A friend of mine accepted a small one design fiberglass sailboat once, salvaged a few fittings from it, but ended up paying \$75 to dispose of the hull at a local trash processing facility, not a good deal for my friend.

Third, is the boat complete or is it missing essential gear? A bare sailboat hull isn't much good unless it has a spars, rudder, tiller, sail, dagger board or centerboard, and rigging. A bare hull often ends up being worth less than these other parts, and second hand parts are often difficult to find at decent prices. I have seen people who accept a free hull and spend hundreds of dollars in parts and gear to get the boat back in the water, when in retrospect they would have been better off simply buying a low cost used boat with all gear included. A complete rig is a genuine plus (extra gear is even better), a boat missing essential gear is far less attractive.

Fourth, do you have a storage area if you need to store the acquisition for an extended period of time? Boats and gear take up space and these days many municipalities have regulations about how long you can park a boat on your property. Check out local codes and zoning regulations before assuming you can park a boat in your driveway for six months. Having a storage area separate from your primary dwelling is a plus, especially if your significant other does not share your enthusiasm for having a dilapidated boat in the driveway for months on end.

Fifth, if you accept a free boat primarily to salvage the gear and fittings, what will you do with the hull which will be worth even less now that it has been stripped? See "Second" above. What are the economics of disposing of a hull and will you have to spend hours dismantling the hull to disposable pieces or paying to have it disposed of? That said, it may still be worth taking a dam-

aged beyond repair hull if the gear and fittings are in good shape. Back to the Sunfish example, a used rudder/tiller assembly, dagger board, spars, sail, fittings, and rigging may be worth hundreds of dollars and easily resold given the availability of free advertising on the internet. I have accepted some thoroughly trashed hulls just to get the gear and fittings that came with it, and in almost all cases, it turned out to be a good deal.

A friend once told me that a dozen free eggs is an asset, a dozen free rotten eggs is a liability. The same applies to accepting free boats, and the trick is to be rational rather than emotional in the deliberation. Free boats, like kittens at a flea market, are not hard to find. If you haunt the newspaper and internet "For Sale" listings, they appear frequently. The task then becomes trying to decide whether or not the free boat will meet your wants and needs without becoming a liability.

Anyone Ready For a New Runabout? The 2005 Fino 30 Runabout (Recent Unsolicited News Release)

The limited production Fino 30 Runabout has just arrived. Once the darling of Biscayne Bay, this rediscovered offshore racer is built by Seattle-based Stephen Yadvis Custom Yachts. The Fino is the embodiment of European influenced design and American engineering. At home on the Riviera, Tahoe, or the Hudson, the Fino defines 21st century comfort, reliability, and technology with the traditional speedboat lineage of the '50s and '60s. The builder incorporates the strongest structural materials, finest fabrics, highest grade custom marine hardware, most dependable race proven mechanical systems, and the most durable coatings.

Fino represents a perfect blend, traditional artisan skills with sensuous classic lines. The seaworthy deep-V hull accommodates comfortable cruising and turns heads wherever she goes. Discriminating buyers will arrive in show stopping style while engaging in comfortable cockpit conversations with friends. Powered by twin Mercruiser 496s, the graceful and civilized Fino delivers a quiet, dry ride in a high per-



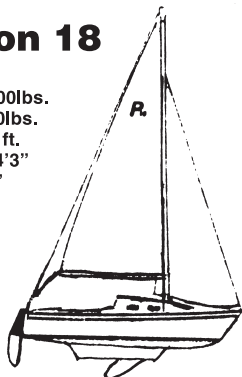
formance craft noted for elegance. Her sexy good looks reward her owners with envious glances from admirers whether approaching the dock of the yacht club, favorite restaurant, or a rendezvous with a spectacular sunset.

(Ed Note: Kinda makes you wanna get out there in one of these and do some of that show stopping arriving in front of all those envious glances, don't it?)

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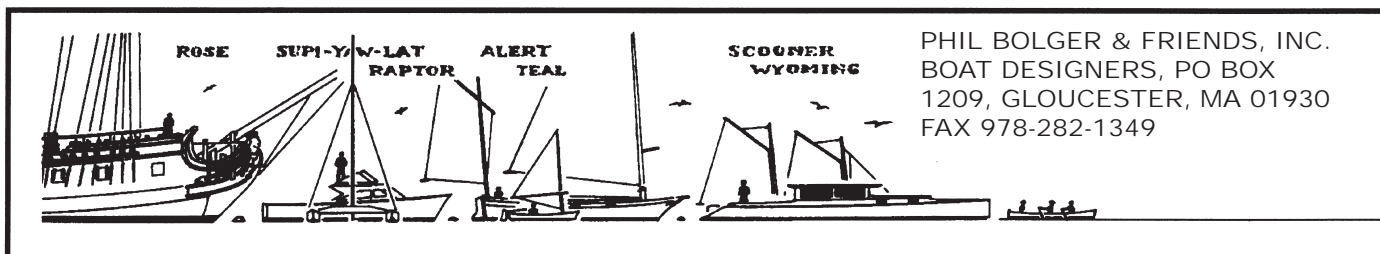
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In March of 2003 we showed our Alaska Cargo Boat design in *MAIB*. The article was mostly about a revised version we'd done for use on the Great Slave Lake in northern Canada, but there were some photos of the first one under construction by Scott Leiser in Anchorage, Alaska. The main point of interest is that she is meant to use sail and power in conjunction with a small engine run at a quiet and economical speed to boost the thrust of her sails. Run in that fashion, even going upwind, her 2'6" shallow wide box keel would hang on sufficiently without needing a centerboard.

The argument is that the sailing rig and its demands in general can be simple because the engine would back it up, while the engine can be small and the propeller shallow because the sails will steady and boost her along in rough water. Of course, there are limits to that reasoning such as heading straight into strong winds in a narrow passage with the rig's bare pole drag likely overwhelming the modest power; then we'd wait it out for short while until the tide turns or wind shifts and try again.

It is the reverse of the usual process in which an auxiliary's rig is designed for windward sailing without her engine, but still

Bolger on Design

Alaska Cargo Boat Update

30'0"x9'11"x2'6"x15,000lbs. Displ.

drags her stationary propeller and carries the weight of engine and fuel. Her engine is sized to drive her to windward with no help from sails, while still having to overcome the wind resistance of her bare mast and standing rigging, and the underwater drag of her deep keel. Such boats can be described as 100/100 boats, derived from the old 50/50 tag for a motorsailer. Actually, they end up being more like 150/150 with all the implications of cost and complexity to build and to maintain!

The Anchorage boat was launched last summer and crew and boat began feeling each out. Scott Leiser writes about her: "...everything went great. We did the first

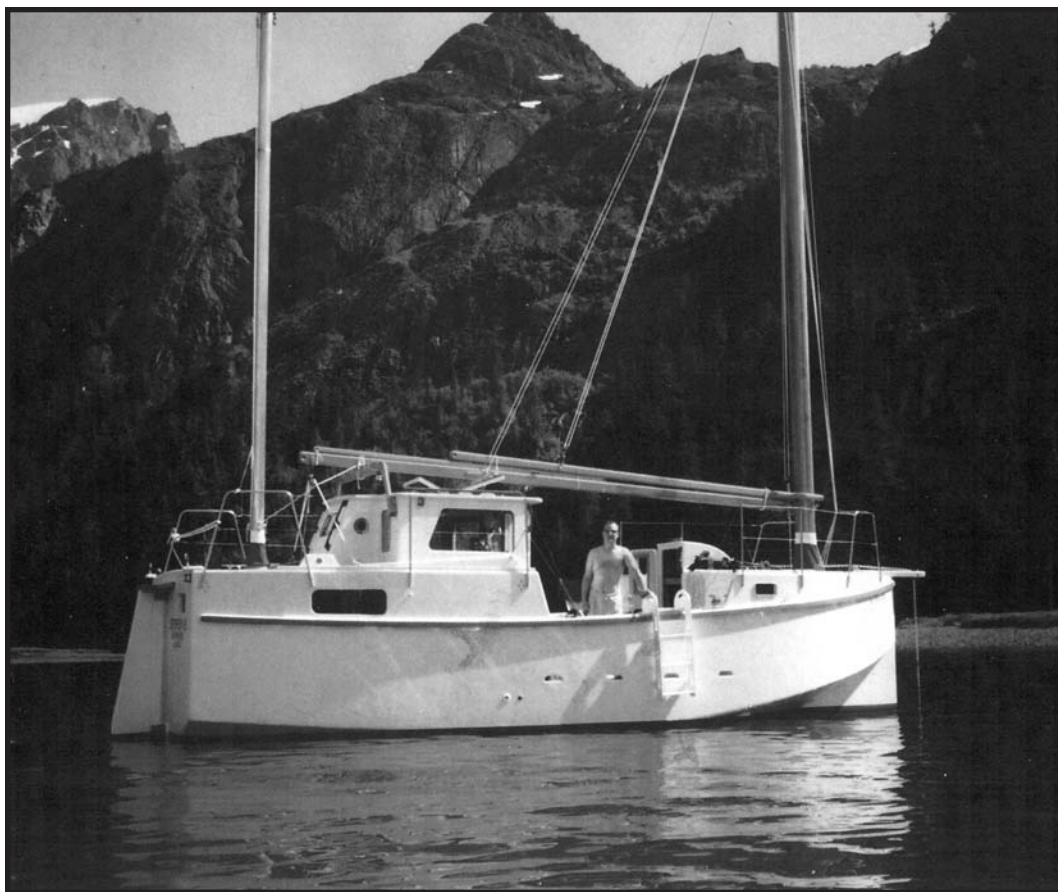
shakedown without the sails, but on the second we had the main and mizzen set. I still haven't set up the reefing gear so we tied in the third reef before we left the dock.

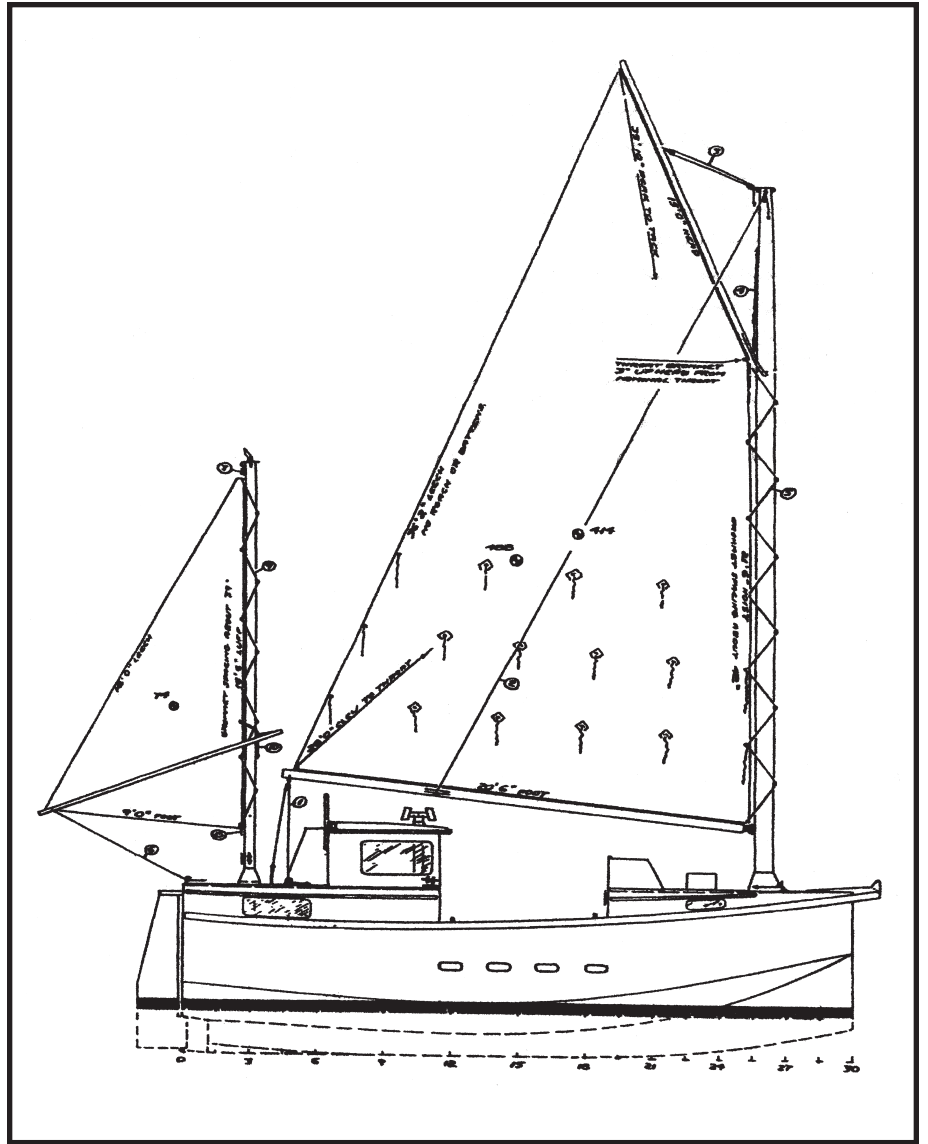
"My wife and I are so happy with this boat. *Stephen B.* sat right on the waterline without any trim ballast moved (he had loaded inside ballast in the cargo hold to replace the weight of a likely cargo load. The hold was designed to accept, for instance, 4'x8' sheets of plywood and/or 55gal drums of diesel oil, etc. PCB). The boat handles really well and turns quick and tight. We checked speed with the GPS and your estimates were right on.

"*Stephen B.* sails great and is a lot of fun for two people. On the shakedown the wind started light but soon built to about 20 knots. I was glad to be reefed. The boat was fast, and with the engine running at about 1000rpm it pointed up, close-hauled, just fine, not as high as other boats out that day but just as fast and fun. I can't wait to see how she goes in lighter winds. After this weekend I should have the reefing gear set so we can shake out that big sail.

"Everything on the boat has worked out without a hitch and we have had nothing but fun. Everybody loves this boat and are fascinated by all the great features."

All the photos show how much loving care was lavished on this boat. Too bad the photos of the cabins can't be reproduced in color as the glowing warm wood sheathing is most attractive. The view of the stern cabin, looking forward and to starboard, shows the VCR on which, in a fjord with no TV reception, he can replay last week's news or last year's *West Wing*, all the while with a good view of the scenery through the seated eye-level windows. The galley is well-equipped, next to the helm station, and with the same good view in all directions. A lot of comfortable cabin in spite of the big cargo hold. Judging from many construction photos, the workmanship of the glass-epoxy sheathed plywood construction is up on professional levels, but of course nothing like this is on the market. We understand that the Caribbean might eventually lure boat and crew away from the high latitudes of Alaska, to try some inter-island transport of high end goods such as potable water.





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The Guinea Stick

By Preston Larus

There is a weird little device that I have not seen since leaving my home waters of the lower Chesapeake for Florida about 25 years ago. This homegrown mechanism was a friend to shorthanded Chesapeake workboat skippers throughout my childhood there. My research hasn't been exhaustive by any stretch, but casual observation of workboats in ports from here to the South Pacific suggests that this device may even be peculiar to the Chesapeake. I speak, of course, of the Guinea Stick.

If the Guinea Stick has a proper name, I've never heard it used. Guinea refers to Guinea Neck, which is a small area of Gloucester County, Virginia, which was once a small, tightly-knit community of generations of hardscrabble watermen; crabbers, oystermen, and fishermen (a community being wiped out by, among other things, the globalization of the fishing industry and developers buying up the precious waterfront for condos and rack-and-stacks). A "neck" on the Chesapeake Bay is the term for the spit of land that separates two rivers. Guinea Neck is the land between the York River and the Severn River and the watermen who lived there were/are commonly known in the local parlance as Guineamen (though perhaps it would be better not to use that term to their face, legend had it that they did not suffer outsiders gladly).

The hardy Guineamen, like many other Bay watermen, ran open, cross-planked deadrise workboats of every size, but the ones I saw every day in my high school job at the local gas dock were about 40' long. Often nearly plumb-stemmed, some had square sterns and some had pointy, diamond-shaped ones, but the round-sterned ones were the prettiest of the bunch. Many had wet exhaust, but some poked a big, loud dry stack (or two) up through a hole in the cockpit awning. Most had big gasoline V8s but there were some diesels, too, and they could get right up and gallop. They were all open cockpit except for a cuddy cabin forward equipped with a tiny spoked helm for bad-weather steering. But unless the weather was very, very bad indeed, the skipper stood in the open, amidships, with the engine box on his left and the starboard cockpit coaming and the Guinea Stick on his right.

The Guinea Stick was the simplest of steering gear and, like everything on a Bay workboat, a time-tried distillation of pure function built out of materials readily available: a rectangular timber fastened at floorboard level by a single pivot bolt and tapering to a round stick about the diameter of a sledge hammer handle as it rose straight up about 4', the perfect height for a standing man to operate it. About 2' above the floorboards (and a bit below the cockpit coam-

ing), the stick was tied to one of the tiller ropes, the pair of which passed close by on their trip from the drum on the tiny helm forward, through various sheaves and all the way back to the tiller atop the rudder post.

With the Guinea Stick vertical, the rudder would be centered. Pushing the stick forward put the rudder over to port, and pulling it fully aft put her hard-a-starboard (spinning the tiny cuddy cabin helm so fast the spokes would blur, keep body parts well clear). With his left hand caressing the flush mount Morse shift and throttle controls on the engine box and his right hand on the Guinea Stick, the waterman could dance that 40' workboat around like a little skiff.

At flank speed, he'd throw her in reverse and starboard his helm to slide to a stop along one of his crab pot floats. Taking a single step forward, he'd pick up the float and throw the line over his hydraulic pot hauler mounted right out at the edge of the rubrail. Water would stream off the line as the pot hauler spun it in and brought the pot up to the surface. In a moment, the crab pot would be in his hands and in another moment or two the catch would be writhing and wriggling angrily atop the culling board while he rebaited the pot and heaved it back overside. Then the skipper would be back at the helm, roaring off for the next pot in the line while his helper culled the crabs and tossed them into barrels.

The approach to the gas dock was done just the same way, and one skipper after another would bring their boats swooping in at timber splintering speed and stop smartly just inches from the pilings. I'll always remember those masterful performances and the sight of watermen passing on the river, silhouetted standing there and waving with the left hand and with right propped casually on the Guinea Stick as they planed by.

The closest thing to a Guinea Stick I've seen since leaving Virginia is a Teleflex tiller steer thingie on a flashy new bass boat, aluminum handle with a big black plastic knob on top. Somehow, though, it lacks some of the character and charm of the real thing (which probably never was Coast Guard-approved equipment).

Why shouldn't I put one of these fine Guinea Sticks on my little old outboard? Wouldn't it be mighty great to stand and steer one-handed while surveying the horizon like an old salt as I putt through the shallows of Sarasota Bay (pondering, as usual, how I might manage to spend more time on the water instead of just visiting every now and then)? Have any other readers had experience of Guinea Sticks (by any name) anywhere in the world? Or is this strictly a Bay phenomenon (hard to imagine, given its supreme simplicity and handiness)?

While I watch the mailbox for their answers, I'll continue to daydream about the homecooked mechanical bell crank version I'm itching to fabricate for my boat. I have to admit that at first, I dreamt it with TIG-welded stainless steel quadrants and axles and store bought bearings and yoke ends, just like the glossy magazines would have us do (and costing way more than the Teleflex tiller steer thingie, no wonder we give up messing about and wind up buying out of catalogs). But then I came to my senses and began to fantasize using water pipe, galvanized hardware, and whatever other material comes to hand, like my heroes, the vanishing watermen.

I Don't Know What You Are Thinking!!!

Pucker up and Whistle

The use of whistle signals to broadcast actions or intentions on the water is important. Are you old enough to remember when your daddy was driving the car on the average two lane highway and wanted to pass the slow poke ahead of him? The proper procedure would be to blow your horn to let the car ahead know that you were coming around the side and allow for the safe passage. My father was a Navy sailor in his youth and I guess the two short beeps on the horn was in keeping with his going left to pass the overtaking car.

While I was transiting the intracoastal waterway, I decided to test the boats ahead on their ability to respond or understand accepted nautical Rules of the Road action signals. Since my Wellcraft go-fast was about to overtake five puddle jumping displacement hulls, out came my trustee air-horn-in-a-can to see the reaction.

The first little Chris Craft operator turned around with a startled look and frantically began to look around to see if he had a horn to respond with. He didn't find one but waved me on with an embarrassed look. I smiled and waved back in appreciation of his effort. At least he knew what the signal was for.

The next boat in line was a small sports-fisherman. I tooted my horn twice, as is appropriate, and the operator turned to answer with a single finger of his right hand. Not the one that the Iraqis use to prove that they voted. In searching through the Rules of the Road book I was not able to find any such authorized response, so I went to a higher authority and asked Sea School Executive Director Bob Arnold to determine if this response could be considered adequate. Captain Arnold said that "if the operator of the vessel did not blow on that finger and make a loud sound it would not be considered legitimate in any court or Coast Guard hearing. What that operator was really showing was his nautical IQ."

Although vessels under 36' are not required to carry the sound signaling device, they "shall be provided with some other means of making an efficient sound signal." There have been reported instances in the past whereby tickets have been handed out by marine patrol for lack of a signaling device.

In a recent update to the International Rules (72 COLREGS) the requirement for a bell, used for a vessel at anchor or aground in restricted visibility, has been changed to vessels of 20m or more. That means that the bell is no longer mandated on smaller vessels, however, the whistle requirement is still there. So the next time someone on the water toots his horn at you, make sure you toot him back. Sea School has an easy way to remember the action signals, one to the right, two to the left, three backing down, and five or more if you don't understand the actions or intentions of the other boater.


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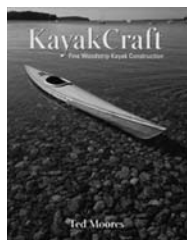


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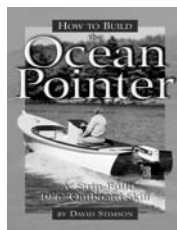
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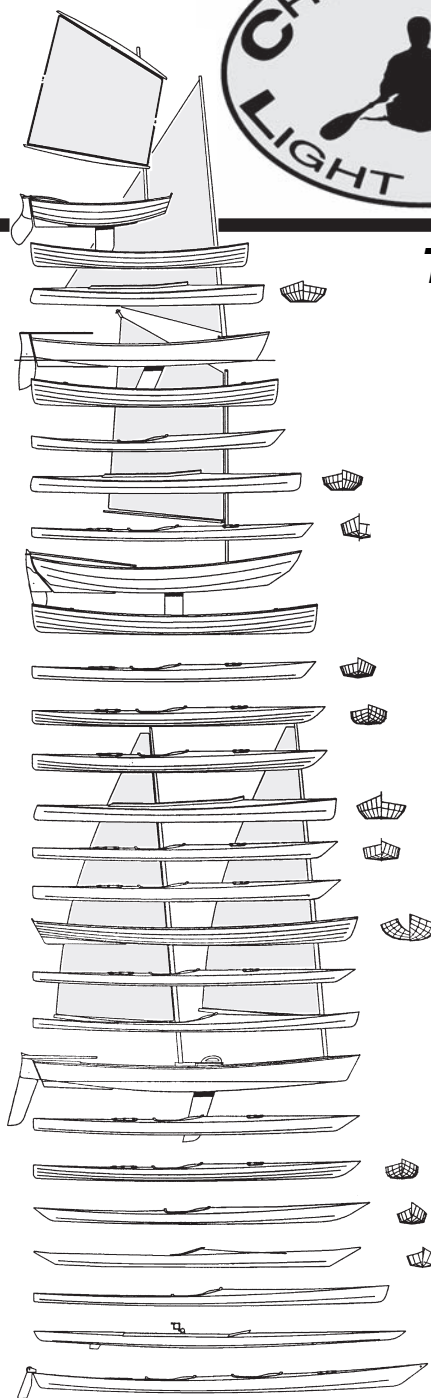
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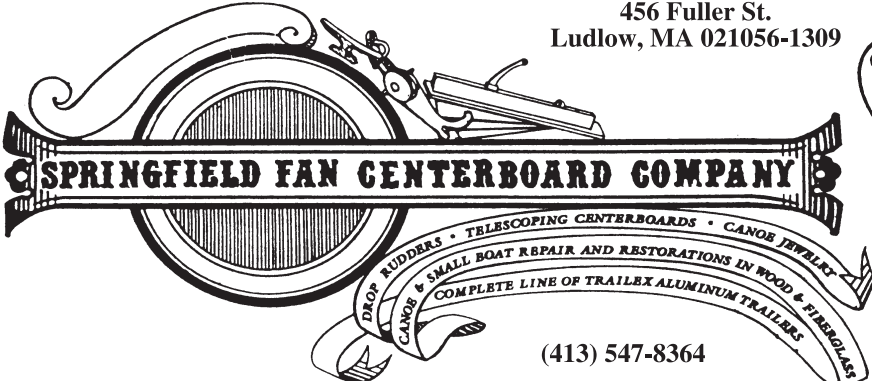
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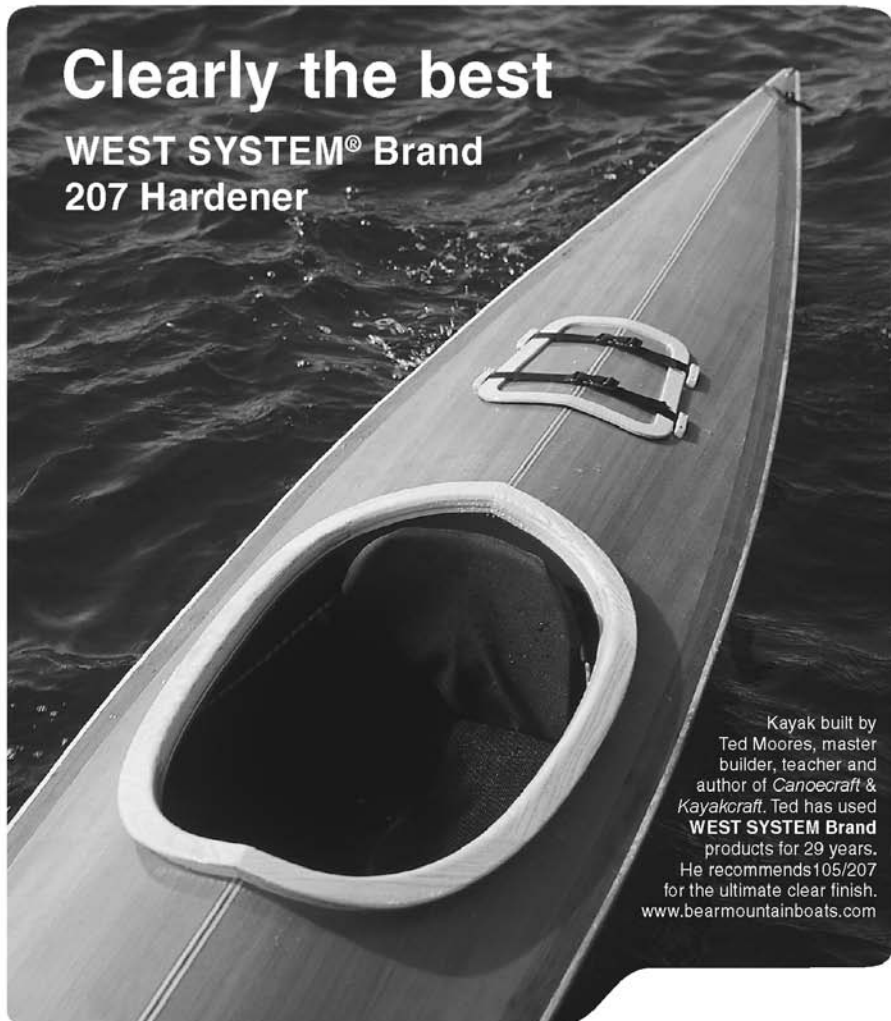


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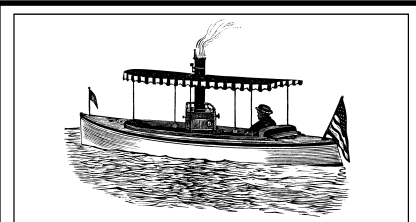
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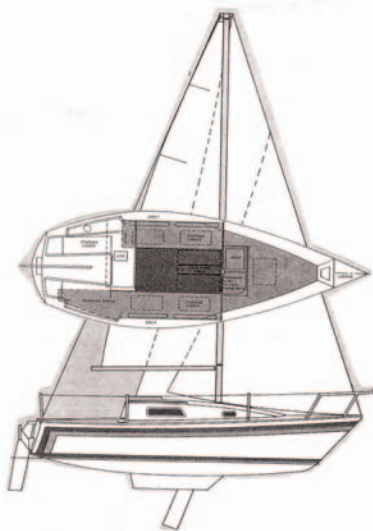
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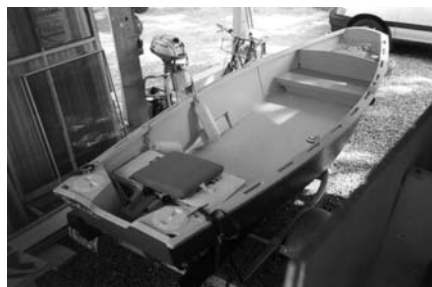
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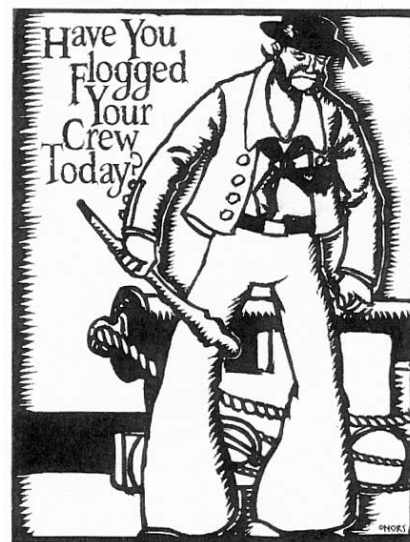
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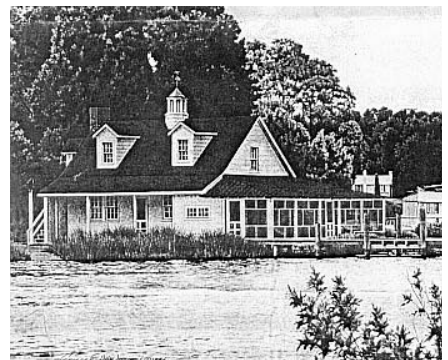
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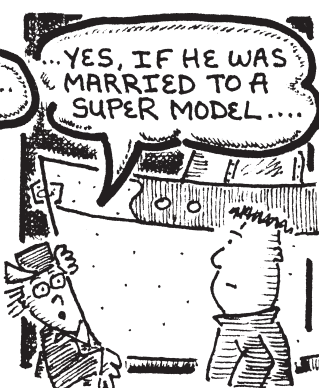
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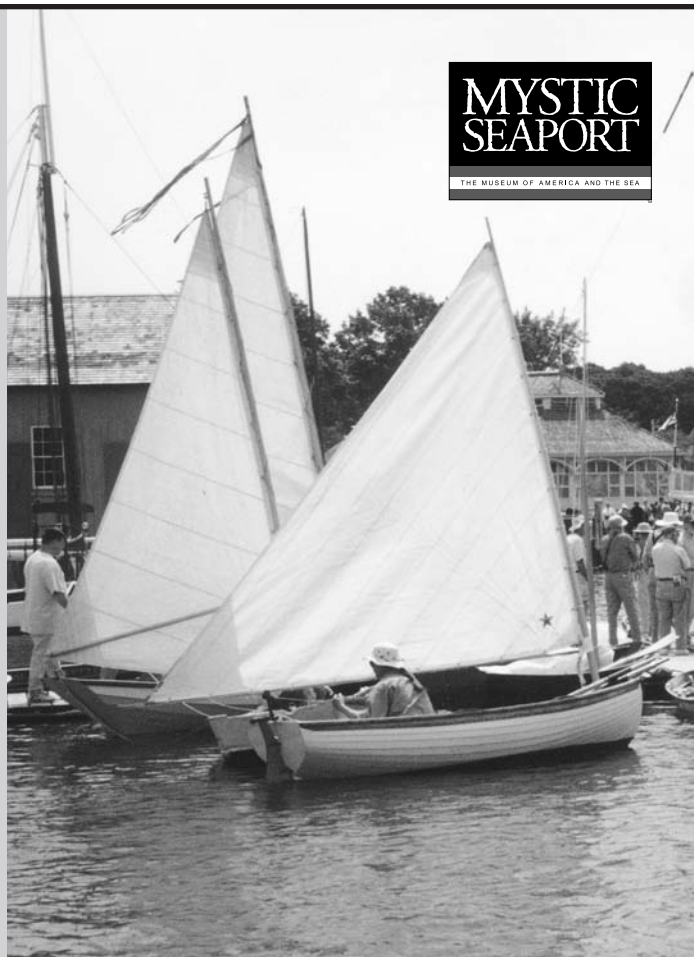
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